

THE
Comical Revenge;
OR,
LOVE
IN A
TUB.

Acted at His Highness the Duke of YORK's
Theatre in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*.

LICENSED,

July 8.
1664.

Roger L'Estrange.

LONDON,

Printed for Henry Herringman, and are to be sold at his Shop
at the *Blew-Anchor*, in the Lower Walk of the
New-Exchange. 1669.

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in the Strand, in the Lane between the Theatre and the
New Exchange, 1704.

To the Honourable
CHARLES Lord BUCKHURST.

My Lord,



Cou'd not have wish'd
my self more fortunate
then I have been in the
success of this Poem:
The Writing of it was
a means to make me
known to your Lord-
ship; The Acting of it has lost me no Reputa-
tion; And the Printing of it has now given
me an opportunity to shew how much I ho-
nour you.

I here dedicate it, as I have long since dedi-
cated my self, to your Lordship: Let the
humble Love of the Giver make you set
some value upon the worthless Gift: I hope
it may have some esteem with others, because

The Epistle Dedicatory.

the Author knows how to esteem you, whose Knowledge moves admiration, and Goodness love, in all that know you. But I design this a Dedication, not a Panegyrick; not to proclaim your Virtues to the World, but to shew your Lordship how firmly they have oblig'd me to be,

My Lord,

Your most humble and faithful

Servant,

GEO. ETHEREGE.

Persona

Personæ Dramatis.

The Lord Beville,
The Lord Beaufort,
Colonel Bruce,

Lovis,
Sir Frederick Frolick,
Graciana,

Aurelia,
Mrs. Rich,

Letitia,
Betty,
Dufoy,

Clark,
Sir Nicholas Cully,
Wheadle?

& }
Palmer, }
Mrs. Grace,
Jenny,
Mrs. Lucy.

A Coach-man belonging to the Widow.

A Bell-man.

Foot-men, Link-boys, Drawers, and other Attendants.

Father to Lovis, Graciana & Aurelia.
Servant to Graciana.

A Cavalier, Friend to Lovis, in love
with Graciana.

Friend to Bruce.

Cousin to the Lord Beaufort.

A young Lady, in love with the Lord
Beaufort.

Her Sister in love with Col. Bruce.

A wealthy Widow, Sister to the Lord
Beville, in love with Sir Frederick.

A Girl, waiting upon Aurelia.

Waiting-woman to the Widow.

A saucy impertinent French-man,
Servant to Sir Frederick.

Servant to the Lord Beaufort.

Knighted by Oliver.

Gamesters.

A Wench kept by Wheadle.

Her Maid.

A Wench kept by Sir Frederick.

THE
P R O L O G U E.

W Ho cou'd expect such crowding here to day,
Merely on the report of a new Play?
A man wou'd think y' ave been so often bit
By us of late, you shou'd have learn'd more wit,
And first have sent a Forlorn hope to spy
The Plot and Language of our Comedy,
Expecting some desperate Criticks had
Resolv'd you whether it were good or bad:
But yet we hope you'l never grow so wise;
For if you shou'd, we and our Comedies
Must trip to Norwich, or for Ireland go,
And never fix, but, like a Puppet-show
Remove from Town to Town, from Fair to Fair,
Seeking fit Chapmen to put off our Ware.
For such our Fortune is this barren Age,
That Faction now, not Wit, supports the Stage:
Wit has, like Painting, had her happy sights,
And in peculiar Ages reach'd her heights,
Though now declin'd: yet cou'd some able Pen
Match Fletcher's Nature, or the Art of Ben,
The Old and Graver sort wou'd scarce allow
Those Plays were good, because we writ them now.
Our Author therefore begs you wou'd forget,
Most Reverend Judges, the Records of Wit,
And only think upon the modern way
Of writing, whilst y' are Censuring his Play,
And Gallants, as for you, talk loud i'th' Pit,
Divert your selves and Friends with your own Wit;
Observe the Ladies, and neglect the Play,
Or else 'tis fear'd we are undone to day.

(1)



THE

Comical Revenge;

OR,

Love in a Tub.

ACT. I. SCEN. I.

The Scene, an Ante-Chamber to Sir *Frederick*
Frolicks Bed-Chamber.

*Enter Dufoy, with a Plaister on his head, walking
discontentedly; and Clark immediately
after him.*

Clark,



Ood-morrow, Monsieur.

Dufoy. Good-mor'----good-mor'.

Clark. Is Sir *Fredrick* stirring?

Duf. Pox sturré himé.

Clark. My Lord has sent me----

Duf. Begar me vil havé de revengé; me vil no

Stay two day in Englandé.

Clark. Good *Monsieur*, what's the matter?

Dufoy. De matrè! de matrè! is casie to be perceive;
Dis-Bedlamé, Mad-casé, diable de matrè, vas
Drunké de last night; and vor no reason, bus dat
Me did advísé him to go to Bed, begar he did

Strike

(2)

Striké, breaké my headé, Jernie.

Clark. Have patience, he did it unadvisedly.

Dufoy. Unadvised I didé not me advise him
Justé when he did ité ?

Clark. Yes ; but he was in drink you say.

Duf. In drinké ; me wishé he had been over de head
And de ear in drinké ; Begar in France de
Drink dat van man drinké do's not crack de
Nodder mine brainé. Hark !

[Sir Fred. knocks.

He is awake, and none of the people are

To attendé himé : Ian Villian day are all gone, run

[Knocks again.

To the Diable ; have de patience, I beseech you.

[Pointing towards his Masters Chamber.

Clark. Acquaint Sir Frederick here from my Lord.

Duf. I will, vil ; your ver unble Serviteur.

[Exeunt.

SCEN. II.

Scene, Sir Frederick's Bed-Chamber.

Enter Sir Frederick in his night-gown, and after him Dufoy.

Duf. Good-mor', good-mor' to your Vorshippé ; me am alway
Ready to attendé you Vorshippé, and your Vorshippé's
Alway ready to beaté and to abuse mé ; you were drunké
De lasté nighté, and my head aké to day morningé ;
Seé you here if my brainé have no ver good raison — [Shewing his head.
To counsel you, and to mindé your busnessé.

Sir Fred. Thou hast a notable brain ;

Set me down a Crown for a

Plaister ; but forbear your rebukes.

Duf. 'Tis ver courageous ting to breaké de head of your
Serviteur, is it noté ? Begar you will never keepé
De good Serviteur, had no me love you ver vel.

Sir Fred. I know thou lov'st me.

Duf. And darefore you do beaté me, is dat de raison ?

Sir Fred. Prethee forbear ; I am sorry for it.

Duf. Ver good satisfaction ! Begar it is me dat am
Sorrivé for it.

Sir Fred. Well, well.

Duf. De Serviteur of my Lord your Cousin

Be comé speak vith you.

Sir Fred. Bring him in.

I am of opinion that drunkenness is not so
Damnabla a sin to me as 'tis to many ; Sorrow

And

And Repentance are sure to be my first Work
The next morning : 'Slid, I have known some
So lucky at this Recreation, that, whereas 'tis
Familiar to forget what we do in drink, have
Even lost the memory, after sleep, of being
Drunk : now do I feel more qualms than
A young woman in breeding.

Enter Dufoy and Clark.

[Dufoy goes out again.]

Clark ! What news from the god of Love ? he's
Always at your Masters elbow, 'has jostl'd the
Devil out of service ; no more
Mrs. Grace ! Poor Girl ; Mrs. Graciana has flung a
Squib into his bosom, where the wild-fire will
Huzzée for a time, and then crack, it
Fly's out at's Breeches.

Clark, Sir, he sent me before with his service ; he'll
Wait on you himself when he's dress'd.

Sir Fred. In very good time ; there never was a girl
More humourfom, nor tedious in the dressing of
Her Baby.

Enter Dufoy, and Foot-boy.

Ex. Clark.

Dufoy. Hayé ! heré is de ver vine varké
Begar, de ver vine varké.

Sir Fred. What's the bus'ness ?

Dufoy. De bus'ness ! de devil také mé if dare be not
De whole Regiment Army de Hackené Cocheman,
De Linke-boy, de Fydler, and de Shamber mayde,
Dat havé beseege de howse, de is de consequence
Of de drink vid a poxé.

Sir Fred. Well, the Coach-men and Link-boys must be
Satisfy'd, I suppose there's money due to 'em ; the
Fidlers, for broken heads and instruments,
Must be compounded with ; I leave that to your care :
But for the Chamber-maid, P'le deal with her
My self ; go, go, fetch her up.

Dufoy. De Pimpé, begar I vil be de pimpe to man
In de Christendomé ; do you go fetch her up.
De Pimpé.

Ex. Dufoy.

Sir Fred. Go Sirrah, direct her.
Now have I most unmanfully fallen foul upon some
Woman, P'le warrant you, and wounded her
Reputation throwardly : O, drink, drink, I then
Art a vile enemy to the civillest sort of courtizans
Ladies.

Enter Jenny, Wheadle's *Wench* *Maid*;

Oh *Jenny*, next my heart nothing could

Be more welcome.

Maid. Unhand me;

Are you a man fit to be trusted with a woman's
Reputation?

Sir Fred. Not when I am in a reeling condition; men are
Now and then subject to those infirmities
In drink, which women have when they are sober.
Drunkenness is no good Secretary, *Jenny*; you
Must not look so angry, good faith you must not.

Maid. Angry! we always took you for a civil Gentleman.

Sir Fred. So I am i'troth I think.

Maid. A civil Gentleman will
Come to a Ladies Lodging at two a clock in
The morning, and knock as if it were upon
Life and death; a Midwife was never knock'd up
With more fury.

Sir Fred. Well, well, Girl, all's well I hope, all's well.

Maid. You have made such an Uproar amongst
The Neighbours, we must be forced to change
Our Lodging.

Sir Fred. And thou art come to tell me whither
Kind heart!

Maid. I'll see you a little better manner'd first.
Because we would not let you in at that
Unseasonable hour, you and your rude
Ranting Companions hoop'd and hallow'd like
Mad-men, and roar'd out in the streets,
A whore, a whore, a whore; you need not have
Knock'd good people out of their Beds, you
Might have met with them had been good
Enough for your purpose abroad.

Sir Fred. 'Twas ill done *Jenny*, indeed it was.

Maid. 'Twas a mercy Mr. *Wheadle* was not there, my Mistress's
Friend; had he been there, he'd been quite undone.
There's nothing got by your lewd doings; you are
But scandals to a civil Woman: We had so much
The good will of the Neighbours before, we had
Credit for what we would; and but this morning the
Chandler refus'd to score a quart of Scurvy-grass.

Sir Fred. Hang Reputation amongst a company of Rascals;

Trust me not if thou art not grown most wondrous pretty. [Offers to hug her.

Maid. Stand off, or I protest I'll make the people

'In your Lodging know what a manner of Man you are.

Sir Fred. You and I have been intimate acquaintance ; — Why so coy now, *Jenny* ?

Maid. Pray forbear : —

You'll never leave till I shriek out ; — Your Servants listen, hark — there's some body coming:

[*Noise within.*

My Mistress charg'd me to tell you she will

[*Enter Beaufort.*

Never see your eyes again ; she never deserv'd

This at your hands, — poor Gentlewoman ! — You had a

Fling at me too, you did not whisper it, I thank

You : 'Tis a miserable condition we

Women bring our selves to for your sakes.

[*Weeps*

Beauf. How now Cousin ! what, at wars with the Women ?

Sir Fred. I gave a small alarm to their Quarters Last night, my Lord.

Beauf. *Jenny* in tears ! what's the occasion, poor Girl ?

Maid. I'll tell you, my Lord.

Sir Fred. Buzz ; Set not her tongue a going agen ;

[*Clapping his hand before her mouth*

Sh'as made more noise than half a dozen Paper-mills : London bridge at a low water is Silence to her ; in a word, rambling last Night, we knock'd at her Mistress's Lodging, They deny'd us entrance, whereupon a harsh Word or two flew out, *Whore* — I think, or Something to that purpose.

Maid. These were not all your Heroick actions ; Pray tell the Consequence, how you march'd Bravely at the rere of an Army of

[*Enter Dufoy.*

Link-boys ; upon the sudden, how you gave Defiance, and then wag'd a bloody war with the Constable ; and having vanquish'd that Dreadful enemy, how you committed a general Massacre on the glass-windows : Are not these Most honourable achievements, such as will be Registred to your eternal Fame, by the most Learn'd Historians of *Hicky's-Hall* ?

Sir Fred. Good sweet *Jenny* let's come to a Treaty ; Do but hear what Articles I'll propose.

Maid. A Womans heart's too tender to be an enemy To Peace.

[*They withdraw*

Dufoy. Your most humble Serviteur, my Lord.

Beauf. Monsieur, I perceive you are much to blame ;

You are an excellent Governour indeed.

Dufoy. Begar do you tinké dat I amé de Bedlamé?

No tingé but Bedlamé dat poveré himé.

Sir Fred. Jenny, here's my hand; I'll come and make

Amends for all — pretty Rogue.

Dufoy. Ver pret Roguée,

Vid a poxé.

Maid. What rude French Rascal have you here?

Dufoy. Rascalé! Begar ver it hod vor

De reverence of my Matré I vod out off your occupation.

French Rascalé! Whore English

Sir Fred. *Dufoy*, be gone, and leave us.

Dufoy. I vil, I vil leave you to your récreation;

Vilhe you ver good pastime, and de poxé.

Begar.

Maid. I never heard a ruder Fellow. — *Sir Fredrick*, you

Will not fail the time.

Sir Fred. No, no, Jenny.

Maid. Your Servant, my Lord.

Beauf. Farewel Jenny.

Sir Fred. Now did all this fury end in a mild

Invitation to the Ladies Lodging.

Beauf. I have known this wenches Mistresses

Ever since I came from Travel; but never

Was acquainted with that Fellow that

Keeps her; prethee what is he?

Sir Fred. Why his name is *Whedle*; he's one whose trade is Treachery.

To make a Friend, and then deceive him;

He's of a ready Wit, pleasant Conversation,

Thoroughly skill'd in men; in a word, he

Knows so much of Virtue as makes him

Well accomplish'd for all manner of Vice;

He has lately insinuated himself into

Sir Nich'las Culley, one whom *Officer*, for the

Transcendent knavery and disloyalty of

His Father, has dishonoured with Knight-hood;

A fellow as poor in experience as in parts;

And one that has a vain-glorious humour to gain a

Reputation amongst the Gentry, by feigning good nature, and

An affection to the King and his Party.

I made a little debauch the other day in their Company;

Where I fore-saw this fellow's destiny, his purse must pay

For keeping this Wench, and all other *Whedle's* extravagances.

But pray, my Lord;

How thrive you in your more honourable
Adventures? Is harvest near? When is the
Sickle to be put i'th' Corn?

Beauf. I have been hitherto so prosperous,
My happiness has still out-flown my faith;
Nothing remains but Ceremonial Charms,
Gracian's fix'd i'th' circle of my Arms.

Sir Fred. Then y're a happy man for a season.

Beauf. For ever.

Sir Fred. I mistrust your Mistress's Divinity, you'l

Find her Attributes but Mortal:

Women, like Jugless Tricks,

Appear Miracles to the ignorant; but in them-

Selves th' are meer cheats.

Beauf. Well, well, Cousin, I have engag'd that you this day
Shall be my Guest at my Lord's Devil's Table;
Pray make me master of my promise once.

Sir Fred. Faith I have engag'd to dine with my dear
Lucy; poor Girl, I have lately given her
Occasion to suspect my kindness; yet for your
Sake I'll venture to break my Word,
Upon condition you'l excuse

My errors; you know my

Conversation has not been amongst ceremonious
Ladies.

Beauf. All modest freedom you will find allow'd;
Formality is banish'd thence.

Sir Fred. This Virtue is enough to make me bear
With all the inconveniences of honest Company.

Beauf. The freeness of your humour is your friend.
I have such news to tell thee, that I fear

Thou'lt find thy breast too narrow for thy joy.

Sir Fred. Gently, my Lord, lest I find the thing too
Little for my expectation.

Beauf. Know that thy careless carriage has done more
Than all the skill and diligence of Love
Could e're effect.

Sir Fred. What? the Widow has some kind thoughts of my body?

Beauf. She loves you, and dines on purpose at her Brother's house
This day, in hopes of seeing you.

Sir Fred. Some Women like Fishes despise the
Bait, or else suspect it, whilst still it's
Bobbing at their mouths; but subtilly wav'd
By the Angler's hand, greedily hang themselves upon the hook.

There:

There are many so critically wife, they suffer
None to deceive them but themselves.

Beauf. Cousin, 'tis time you were preparing for your Mistress.

Sir Fred. Well, since 'tis my fortune, I'll about it,
Widow, thy ruine lie on thy own head :
Faith, my Lord, you can witness 'twas none
Of my seeking.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Scene *Wheadle's Lodging.*

Enter Wheadle and Palmer.

Whead. Come, bear thy losses patiently.

Palm. A Pox confound all Ordinaries,

If ever I Play in an Ordinary again—

[*Bites his Thumb.*]

Whead. Thou'lt lose thy money :

Thou hast no power to forbear ;

I will as soon undertake to reclaim

A Horse from a hitch he has learn'd in his pace,

Or an old Mastive from worrying of Sheep.

Palm. Ay, ay, there is nothing can do it but hemp.

Whead. Want of money may do much.

Palm. I protest I had rather still be vicious

Than owe my Virtue to Necessity.

How commendable is chastity in an Eunuch ?

I am grown more than half virtuous of late :

I have laid the dangerous Pad now quite aside ;

I walk within the Purlieu of the Law.

Could I but leave this Ordinary, this Square,

I were the most accomplish'd man in Town.

Whead. 'Tis pity thou art Master of thy Art ;

Such a nimble hand, such neat conveyance.

Palm. Nay, I should have made an excellent Jugler, faith.

Whead. Come, be chearful,

I've lodg'd a Deer shall make amends for all ;

I lack'd a man to help me set my Toyls,

And thou art come most happily.

Palm. My dear *Wheadle*, who is it ?

Whead. My new Friend

And Patron *Sir Nicholas Cully*.

Palm. He's fat, and will say well, I promise you.

Well, I'll do his business most dextrously,

Else let me ever lose the honour

Of serving a Friend in the like nature.

Whead. No more words, but haste, prepare for the design;
Habit your self like a good thrifty Country-man;
Get Tools, Dice and Money for the purpose,
And meet me at the Devil about three exactly.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, Sir *Nicholas Cully* is without.

Whead. Desire him to walk in.

Here *Palmer*, the back-way, quickly, and be sure —

Palm. Enough, enough, I'll warrant thee.

Enter Sir Nicholas Cully.

Whead. Sir *Nicholas*, this Visit is too great a favour;
I intended one to you; how do you
Find your self this morning?

Cul. Faith much the dryer for the last nights wetting.

Whead. Like thirsty earth, which gapes the more
For a small shower; we'll soak you
Thoroughly to day.

Cul. Excuse me, faith I am engag'd.

Whead. I am sorry for't;

I meant you a share in my good fortune:
But since it cannot be —

Cul. What? what good fortune?

Whead. Nay 'twill but vex you to know it;
Since you have not leisure to pursue it.

Cul. Dear *Wheadle*, prethee tell me.

Whead. Now do I want power to keep it from you;
Just as you came in at that door, went
Out at this a Waiting-Gentlewoman,
Sent with a civil Message from her Lady,
To desire the happiness of my Company
This afternoon, where I should have the
Opportunity of seeing another lovely brisk
Woman, newly married to a foolish
Citizen, who will be apt enough to hear
Reason from one that can speak it better than
Her Husband: I return'd my humble
Thanks for the honour she did me, and that
I could not do my self so great an injury
To disobey her will; this is
Th' adventure; but since y'ave business —

Cul. A pox on business. I'll defer it.

Whead. By no means for a silly Woman; our Pleasures
Must be slaves to our Affairs.

[*Ex. Palmer.*]

End.

Cul. Were it to take possession of an Estate, I'd neglect it;
Are the Ladies Cavaliers?

Whea. Oh, most Loyal-hearted Ladies!

Cul. How merry will we be then?

Whea. I lay mind your business.

Cul. I'll go and put it off immediately.

Where shall I meet you in the Afternoon?

Whea. You'll find me at the Devil about three

A'clock, where I expect a second luminous ass.

She passes toward the City.

Cul. Thither will I come without fail; be sure

You wait for me. [Exit Cully.]

Whea. Wait for thee, as a Cat does for a Mouse

She intends to play with, and then prey upon.

How eagerly did this half-witted fellow chap

Up the bait? like a ravenous Fish, that will

Not give the Angler leave to sink his line,

But greedily darts up and meets it half-way. [Exit laughing.]

SCENE IV.

Scene, The Lord Bevil's House.

Enter Graciana, and Aurelia immediately after, with a Letter in her hand.

Grac. The Sun's grown lazy; 'tis a tedious space

Since he set forth, and yet's not half his race.

I wonder Beaufort does not yet appear.

Love never loyters, Love sure brings him here.

Aur. Brought on the wings of Love, here I present [Presenting the Letter,

His Soul, whose Body Prisons yet prevent;

The noble Bruce, whose Virtues are his Crimes. [Grac. rejects the Letter]

Are you as false and cruel as the times

Will you not read the stories of his grief?

But wilfully refuse to give relief?

Grac. Sister, from you this Language makes me start:

Can you suspect such vices in my heart?

His Virtues I, as well as you, admire

I never scorn'd, but pity much his fire.

Aur. If you did pity, you would not reject [Grac. rejects the Letter again.]

This Messenger of Love: This is neglect

Gra. 'Tis cruelty to gaze on wounds in cure,

When we want Balsome to effect their Cure.

Aur.

Aur. 'Tis only want of will in you, you have
Beauty to kill, and Virtue too to save.

Grac. We of our selves can neither love nor hate;
Heav'n does reserve the pow'r to guide our Fate.

Aurel. Graciana, — *Enter Lord Bevil, Lovis, and the Widow.*

Grac. Sister, forbear; my Father's here.

L. Bev. So Girl; what, no news of your Lover yet?
Our Dinner's ready, and I am afraid
He will go nigh to incur the Cooks anger.

Wid. I believe h'as undertook a hard task;

Sir Frederick, they say, is no easie man
To be perfwaded to come among us women.

Lov. Sir

[*Lovis and Lord Bevil whisper.*]

L. Bevil. What now?

Wid. I am as impatient as thou art, Girl:

[*To Graciana.*]

I long to see *Sir Frederick* here.

L. Bev. Forbear, I charge you on my blessing:
Not one word more of *Colonel Bruce*.

Lovis. You gave encouragement, Sir, to his Love;
The honour of our House now lies at stake.

L. Bev. You find by your Sisters inclinations
Heaven has decreed her otherwife.

Lovis. But Sir, —

L. Bev. Forbear to speak, or else forbear the Room.

Lovis. This I can obey, but not the other.

[*Exit Lovis.*]

Enter Foot-boy.

Foot-b. Sir, my Lord *Beaufort's* come.

L. Bev. 'Tis well.

Wid. D'hear, are there not two Gentlemen?

Foot-b. Yes Madam, there is another proper handsome
Gentleman.

[*Exit Foot-boy.*]

L. Bev. Come, let's walk in, and give them entertainment.

Wid. Now Cousin, for *Sir Frederick*, this man of men,
There's nothing like him.

[*Exeunt all but Aurelia.*]

Aur. With curious diligence I still have strove
During your absence, *Bruce*, to breathe your Love
Into my Sisters bosom; But the fice

[*Holding the Letter in
her hand.*]

Wants force; Fate does against my breath conspire:

I have obey'd, though I cannot fulfil,

Against my self, the dictates of your Will;

My Love to yours do's yield; since you enjoyn'd,

I hourly court my Rival to be kind,

With passion too, as great as you can do.

Taught by those wounds I have receiv'd from you.

Small is the difference that's between our grief;
 Yours finds no cure, and mine seeks no relief.
 You unsuccessfully your Love reveal;
 And I for ever must my Love conceal:
 Within my bosom I'll your Letter wear, [Putting the Letter in her bosom.
 It is a Tomb that's proper for despair. [Exit.

ACT. II. SCENE I

Scene, The Lord Bevil's House.

Enter Clark and Dufoy.

Clark, **M**ethinks the wound your Master gave you
 Last night, makes you look very thin and
 Wan, Mounseur.

Dufoy. Begar you are mistake; it be de voundé
 Dat my Metresse did give me long ago.

Clark, What? some pretty little English Lady's
 Crept into your heart?

Dufoy. No but damn'd little English Whore is creepé
 Into my bone begar, me could wish dat de
 Diable would také her vid allé my harré.

Clark, You have manag'd your business ill, Mounseur.

Dufoy. It vas de Raskal Cyrugein English dat did
 Manage de business illé; me did putté my
 Businessé into his haundé; he did stop de
 Tapé, and de liquor did varké, varké, varké,
 Up into de headé and de shoulder begar.

Clark, Like soap clapp'd under a Saddle.

Dufoy. Here come my Matré; holdé your peace:

[Ex. Clark.

Enter Sir Frederick, Widow, and Maid.

Sir Fred. Whither, whither do ye draw me, Widow;
 What's your design?

Wid. To walk a turn in the Garden, and then
 Repose in a cool Arbour.

Sir Fred. Widow, I dare not venture my self in those amorous
 Shades; you have a mind to be talking of Love
 I perceive, and my heart's too tender to be trusted
 With such conversation.

Wid. I did not imagine you were so foolishly
 Conceited; is it your Wit or your Person, Sir,
 That is so taking?

Sir

Sir Fred. Truly you are much mistaken, I have no
Such great thoughts of the young man, you
See ; who ever knew a Woman have so much
Reason to build her love upon merit ?
Have we not daily experience of great
Fortunes, that fling themselves into the arms
Of vain idle Fellows ? Can you blame me then
For standing upon my guard ? No, let us
Sit down here, have each on's a Bottle of Wine
At our elbows ; so prompted, I dare enter into
Discourse with you.

Wid. Wou'd you have me sit
And drink hand to fist with you, as if we were
In the Fleet, or some other of your beloved
Taverns ?

Sir Fred. Faith I wou'd have thee come as near
As possible to something or other I have
Begun'd to converse with, that I may
The better know how to entertain thee.

Wid. Pray which of those Ladies you use to
Converse with, could you fancy me to
Look like ? be merry, and tell me.

Sir Fred. 'Twere too great a sin to compare thee
To any of them ; and yet th' art so incens'd
Me, I can hardly forbear to wish thee well
Of'em. Ho, *Dufey* !
Widow, I stand in awe of this Gentleman ;
I must have his advice before I dare
Keep you company any further. — How do
You approve the spending of my time
With this Lady ?

Dufey. Ver vel, Begar ;
I could wish I had never spende my time in de
Vorse compaignie.

Wid. You look but ill, Monsieur ; have
You been sick lately ?

Dufey. I havé de ver great affliction in my mind,
Madam.

Wid. What is't ?

Dufey. Truly I havé de ver great passion vor dis
Jentel-woman, and she have no compassion
At all vor me ; she do refuse me all my
Amouré and my adreffé.

Wid. Indeed Betty you are to blame

Maid. Out upon him, for a French dissembler,
He never spake to me in his life, Madam.

Dufey. You see, Madam, the secret me for
Her Serviteur.

Maid. Pray, when did you make any of your French
Lové to mé?

Dufey. It vil breké my heart to remember de
Time ven you did refuse mé.

Wid. Will you permit me to serve you in this
Business, Monsieur.

Dufey. Madam, it be d' honour vor de King de
France.

Wid. Betty, whither run you?

Maid. I'll not stay to be jeer'd by a sneaking

Valet-de-Chambrière: I'll be reveng'd

If I live, Monsieur

Wid. I'll take some other time.

Dufey. Van you have de leisiré, Madam.

Sir Fred. By those lips, —

Wid. Nay pray forbear, Sir,

Sir Fred. Who's conceited now, Widow? could

You imagine I was so fond to kiss them?

Wid. You cannot blame me for standing on

My guard so near an Enemy.

Sir Fred. If you are so good at that, Widow,

Let's see, what guard wou'd you chuse to be at.

Shou'd the Trumpet sound a Charge

To this dreadful foe?

Wid. It is an idle Question amongst experience'd

Souldiers, but if we ever have a War,

We'll never trouble the Trumpet; the

Bells shall proclaim our Quarrel.

Sir Fred. It will be most proper, they shall be

Rung backwards.

Wid. Why so, Sir?

Sir Fred. I'll have all the helps that may be to

Allay a dangerous fire, Widows must

Needs have furious flames; the bellows

Have been at work, and blown 'em up.

Wid. You grow too rude, Sir: I will have my

Mumour, a walk Pth' Garden; and afterwards

We'll take the Air in the Park.

Sir Fred. Let us join hands then, Widow.

Wid. Without the dangerous help of a Parson.

I do not fear it, Sir.

Dufoy. Begar, I do no care two Soules if de
Shamber-maid ver hangé; he is not
Great deal better pretendé d'affection to
Her, dan to tellé de hole Varidé I do take
De Medicine vor de clapé? Begar it
Be de ver great deale better.

[*Ex. Sir Fresh and Wide.*]

[*Ex. Dufoy.*]

SCEN. II.

Scene, A Garden belonging to my Lord Bevil's House.

Enter Beaufort and Graciana.

Beauf. Graciana, why do you condemn your Love?
Your Beauty without that, alas! would prove
But my destruction, an unlucky Star,
Prognosticating ruine and despair.

Grac. Sir, you mistake; 'tis not my Love I blame,

But my Discretion; * Here the active flame

[* *Pointing to her breast.*]

Shou'd yet a longer time have been conceal'd,

Too soon, too soon I fear it was reveal'd.

Our weaker Sex glories in a Surprise,

We boast the sudden Conquests of our Eyes;

But men esteem a Foe that dares contend,

One that with noble Courage does defend.

A wounded Heart; the Victories they gain

They prize by their own hazard and their pain.

Beauf. Graciana, can you think we take delight

To have our happiness against us fight,

Or that such goodness shou'd us men displease

As do's afford us Heav'n with greater ease?

[*Enter Lewis, walking discontentedly.*]

See where your Brother comes; his

Carr'age has been strange of late to me;

I never gave him cause of discontent;

He takes no notice of our being here;

I will salute him.

Grac. By no means;

Some serious thoughts you see employ his mind.

Beauf. I must be civil. Your Servant, Sir.

Lov. You are my Sisters Servant, Sir, go home.

Upon your Mistress; Fare-you-well.

Beauf. Fare-you-well, if you are no better Company

[*Ex. Lewis.*]

Heaven!

Heavens! what is the matter?

What saucy sorrow dares approach your heart?

Waste not these precious Tears; Oh, weep no more,

Shou'd Heav'n frown, the world wou'd be too poor,

(Rob'd of the sacred Treasure of your eyes)

To pay for mercy one fit Sacrifice.

Grac. My Brother, Sir, is growing mad, I fear.

Beauf. Your Brother is a man whose noble Mind

Was to severest Virtue still inclin'd;

He in the School of Honour has been bred,

And all her subtle Laws with heed has read;

There is some hidden cause, I fain would know

From whence these strange disorders in him flow.

Graciana, shall I beg you to dispel

These Mists which cloud my troubl'd Reason dwell.

Grac. It is a Story I cou'd with you'd learn

From one whom it does not so much concern;

I am th' unhappy cause of what y've seen;

My Brother's passion does proceed from mine.

Beauf. This does confound me more; it cannot be;

You are the joy of all your Family;

Dares he condemn you for a noble love,

Which honour and your duty both approve.

Grac. My Lord, those errors merit our excuse

Which an access of virtue does produce.

Beauf. I know that envy is too base a guest

To have a lodging in his generous breast;

'Tis some extrem of Honour, or of Love,

Or both, that thus his indignation move.

Grac. E're I begin, you my sad story end;

You are a Rival to his dearest Friend.

Beauf. *Graciana*, though you have to great a share

Of Beauty, all that see you Rivals are;

Yet during this small space I did proclaim,

To you, and to the world, my purer flame;

I never saw the man that durst draw near;

With his ambitious Love t'assault your Ear.

What providence has kept us thus asunder?

Grac. When I have spoke you'll find it is no wonder:

He has a Mistress more renown'd than me,

Whom he does Court, his dearer Loyalty;

He on his legs does now her favours wear;

He is confin'd by her foul Ravisher:

You may not know his Person; but his Name

Is strange to none that have convers'd with Fame:

Th. Bruce.

Beauf. The Man indeed I ne're did see,
But have heard wonders of his Gallantry.

Grac. This gallant Man my Brother ever lov'd;
But his Heroick Virtues so improv'd
In time those seeds of Love which first were sown,
That to the highest Friendship they are grown.
This Friendship first, and not his Love to me,
Sought an Alliance with our Family.
My Sister and my self were newly come
From learning how to live, to live at home;
When barren of discourse one day, and free
With's Friend, my Brother chanc'd to talk of me;
Unlucky accident! his Friend reply'd;
He long had wish'd their Blood might be ally'd;
Then press'd him that they might my Father move
To give an approbation to his Love:
His Person and his merits were so great,
He granted faster than they could entreat;
He wish'd the Fates that govern hearts wou'd be
So kind to him to make our hearts agree;
But told them he had made a sacred Vow,
Never to force what Love should disallow.

[Enter Sir Frederick and Widow.]

But see, Sir Frederick and my Aunt.
My Lord, some other time I will relate
The story of his Love, and of its Fate.

Sir Fred. How now my Lord? so grave a countenance
In the presence of your Mistress?
Widow, what wou'd you give
Your eyes had power to make me such
Another melancholly Gentleman?

Wid. I have seen e'ne as merry a man as
Your self, Sir Frederick, brought to stand
With folded arms, and with a tristful look
Tell a mournful tale to a Lady.

[Enter a Foot-boy, and whispers Sir Frederick.]

Sir Fred. The Devil owes some men a shame;
The Coach is ready; Widow, I know
You are ambitious to be seen in my Company.

Wid. My Lord, and Cousin, will you honour
Me with yours to the Park; that may take off the
Scandal of his?

Enter Aurelia and Leticia.

Beauf. Madam, we'll wait upon you;
 But we must not leave this Lady behind us.

Wid. Cousin Aurelia—

Aurel. Madam, I beg you will excuse me, and
 You, my Lord; I feel a little indisposition,
 And dare not venture into so sharp an
 Air.

Beauf. Your Servant, Madam. [*Exeunt all but Aurelia and Leticia.*]

Aurel. Retire; I wou'd not have you stay with me,
 I have too great a train of misery.

If virtuous Love in none be cause of shame,
 Why shou'd it be a crime to own the flame?

But we by Custom, not by Nature led,
 Must in the beaten paths of Honour tread.

I love thee Bruce; but Heav'n, what have I done!

Leticia, did I not command you hence?

Letic. Madam, I hope my case is no offence:

I am afflicted thus to see you take
 Delight to keep your miseries awake.

Aurel. Since you have heard me, swear you will be true;

Leticia, none must know I love but you.

Letic. If I at any time your Love declare,

May I of Heav'n and serving you despair.

Though I am young, yet I have felt this smart;

Love once was busie with my tender heart.

Aurel. Wert thou in love?

Letic. I was.

Aurel. Prethee, with whom?

Letic. With one that like my self did newly bloom:
 Methoughts his Actions were above his years.

Aurel. *Leticia*, you confirm me by your tears;
 Now I believe you lov'd; did he love you?

Letic. That had been more than to my Love was due;

He was so much above my humble Birth,

My Passion had been fitter for his mirth.

Aurel. And does your Love continue still the same?

Letic. Some sparks remain, but time has quencht the flame;

I hope 'twill prove as kind to you, and cure

These greater griefs which (Madam) you endure.

Aurel. Time to my bleeding heart brings no relief;

Death there must heal the fatal wounds of grief:

Leticia, come, within this shady Bower

We'll joyn our mournful voices, and repeat

The saddest tales we ever learp'd of Love.

Aurelia

Aurelia and Leticia walk into a garden, and sing.

SUNG

When Phillis watch'd her darling sleep,
Not one poor Lamb was made a prey;

Tet she had cause enough to weep,
Her silly bears did go astray;

Then flying to the neighbouring Grove,
She left the tender flock to rove,

And to the Winds did breathe her Love.

She sought in vain

To ease her pain;

Thy headless winds did fan her fire;

Viewing her grief

Gave no relief;

But rather did increase desire.

Then sitting with her arms across,

Her sorrow streaming from each eye;

She fix'd her thoughts upon her lost

And in despair resign'd to die.

Aurel. Why should you weep, *Leticia*, whilst we sing? [*Walking out of the garden.*]

Tell me from whence those gentle Currents spring

Can yet your faded Love cause such fresh flowers?

This water is too good for dying flowers;

Leticia. Madam, it is such Love commands this dew

As cannot fade; it is my Love to you.

Aurel. *Leticia*, I am weary of this place;

And yet I know not whither I should go.

Leticia. Will you be pleas'd to try if you can sleep?

That may deceive you of your wretched doom.

Aurel. I will: there's nothing here does give me ease.

But in the end will nourish my disease.

SCENE III

Scene, A Tavern.

Enter Wheadle, and immediately after him a Foot-boy.

Whead. The hour is come;

Where's your Master, Sirrah?

Foot-b. He'll be here immediately, Sir.

Whead. He'll be here immediately, Sir.

Foot-b. He'll be here immediately, Sir.

(20)

Whead. Is he neatly dress'd?
Boy. Let the lady see his livery, and his livery is of the Buckinghamshire Garter.

Whead. Take this Letter, and give it to
When you perceive me talking with
Sir Nicholas (ully, with recommendations from
A Lady; lurk in some secret place till he
Come, that he may not perceive you at his
Entrance. Oh, here's *Palmer*.
Thom. What's the price of a score of fat
Weathers?

Palm. Do they not well become me, boys?
Whead. Nature doubtless intended thee for a *Rogue*.
She has so well contrived thee for
Disguises. Here comes *Sir Nicholas*.

Sir Nicholas, come, come; this is an honest Friend
And Countryman of mine.

Sir Nich. Your servant, Sir; is not the Lady come by yet?
Whead. I expect her every moment.
Well, what news?

Boy. My Lady presents her service to you, Sir, and has
Sent you this.

Wheadle reads, and seems much displeas'd.
Sir Nich. What is the matter, man?

Whead. Read, read; I want patience to tell you.
Fortune still jades me in all my expectation.

Sir Nich. reading the Letter. *The Citizens wife* has
To go to Greenwich with her Husband;
Will meet some time next week.

Come, come, *Wheadle*, another time will do;
Be not so passionate, man.

Whead. I must abuse my Friend upon an idle
Womans words!

Sir Nich. Pish, 'tis an accident: Come, let us
Drink a glass of Wine, to put these Women

Out of our heads.
Palm. Women? ho Boys, where are the Women?

Whead. Here's your merry Country-man.
Palmer sings.

*He took her by the Apron,
To bring her to his beck;*

But as he would her to him;
The Apron-strings did break.

Enter

Enter Drawer with a Glass.
Sir Nick. A merry man indeed, who has the way to you.
Palm. Thank you, Sir. Come Mr. *VV*head, remembering
 My Land-lord, I faith, wou'd be woe to be among us now.
 Come be merry man. * Land me your hand, Sir, you
 Look like an honest man, here's a good health
 To all that are to a *Tope* here pledged me. *[Drinks.]*

Sir Nick. Mr. *VV*head, to you.
Palm. I'll not abate you an ace. * Shd, you are not
 So honest as I took you for. *[Sir Nicholas drinks of the Wine.]*

Palmer sings.

If any man baulk his Liquor
Let him never baulk the Gallies,
But sing a Psalm there wth the Viceroy,
Or die in a dirty Ale-house.

Enter Drawer.

Drawer. There's a Country-magdelowdents to
 Speak with his Master Palmer.
Palm. So, so; thank him, he is my man.
 Appointed him to call here, he's told the Gentle
 He warrant you: I'll wait upon you.
 Presently, Gentlemen. *[Ex. Palmer.]*

Whead. Is not this a very pleasure to me?
Sir Nick. The pleasantest I ever met with. What is he?
Whead. He's a *Buckingham* - *the Duke of Buckingham*
 Rich; he has the fat Oxen, and fat Acres
 I met him here by chance, and once more I would
 Drinking a Glass of wine, which he
 Gone down to receive money.
T were an excellent design to bubble him.

Sir Nick. How wou'd change his money into will you
 Try him?

Whead. Do you, Sir, I shall wait on you.
 I cannot appear in't, because he takes me for his Friend.

Sir Nick. How nearly I could top upon him, I shall
Whead. All things will pass upon him, I go.

Your half: Talk of Dice, you'll
 Perceive if he's coming. What company he's in
 About you, Sir, I shall wait on you.

Sir Nick. Ten pence, Sir, I shall have a
Whead.

Whead. I have about that quantity too, here, take it.

If he should run out of our ready money

Be sure you let him sleep upon Nick.

If he'll be at you, that we may recover it.

For we'll not pay a farthing of what we lose.

That way. Hush, here he comes.

Enter Palmer with a bag of Money under his arm, and

it upon the Table.

Palmer. All my fat Oxen and Sheep are melted.

To this, Gentlemen.

Whead. These goods is well try'd, Sir.

Sir Nick. Come, Sir, for all your riches, you are in

Arrear here.

Palmer. I'll be soon out of your debts: My hearty

Love to you, Sir. [Drinks.] Would

I had you both in Buckingham-shire, and

Pipe of this Canary in my Cellar, we'd

Roast an Ox before we parted; thou'd me

Not, Boy?

Enter Palmer.

Palmer. There's a Country

we'd sing, and we'd laugh, and we'd drink till

Our Reason we'd banish, our Senses we'd

And every Pleasure our wills should obey.

Palmer. Come, drink to me a brimmer if you

Dare now.

Sir Nick. Nay, if you provoke me you'd find me a

Bold man: Give me a bigger glass, Boy.

So, this is fit for men of Worth: I'll hang your

Retail Drinkers, have at this my brave Countryman.

Palmer. I'll do all I can for my guns to Pledge thee,

Ho, brave boys! that's he, that's he, it's him, how

Leou'd hug thee now! Mr. Whead, to you.

Whead. I protest, Gentlemen, you'll fright me out

Of your Company. Sir Nicholas, shall we have

Th'other round?

Sir Nick. Let's pause a while, a Wharfey.

You, Gentlemen, if, to pass away the time,

And to refresh us, we should have a Box and Dice;

And sing a merry Mayn among our selves in support.

Whead. 'Twill spoil good Company, by no means, Sir Nicholas.

Palmer. Hang play among Friends, let's have a Wench.

Sing.

Palmer. Come, come, Gentlemen, this is the harmless
 Sport of the two; a merry Glass of Wine.
 Sir Nick. I thank you, Sir; six is the winning
 Come, come, Sir; on six; six is the winning
 I thank you, Sir; six is the winning
 Sir Nick. Do not you understand Hazard?
 Palmer. I understand Dice, or hap-Hazard.
 Sir Nick. Can you play at Hazard?
 Palmer. You have my understanding: I can play at Hazard.
 Most at a throw, for a Spot, or a Glass of Wine.
 Sir Nick. I thank you, Sir; six is the winning
 If the King do not win with Hazard upon

What say you, shall we have her?
 Sir Nick. We are not drunk enough for a Wench.
 Palm. Let's sing a Catch then.
 Whead. Cull. Agreed, agreed.
 Whead. Begin, Mr. Palmer.

Palmer sings, standing in the middle, with a Glass of Wine in his hand.
 Palm. I have no design here,
 But drinking good Wine here.
 Whea. Nor I, Boy.
 Sir Nic. Nor I, Boy.
 Whea. Th' art my Boy.
 Sir Nic. Th' art my Boy.
 All 3. Our heads were dry for Plot:
 Let us sing this Catch.
 Since our Victory's won,
 We'll sing and eat up our Hats.

[They follow with Palmer & the other two]
 Sir Nick. Enough, enough.
 Palm. Very good boys all, very good boys all. Give
 Me a Glass of Wine there; fill a Brimmer: Sir
 Nicholas, your Lady.
 Sir Nick. Pray, Sir, forbear; I must be forc'd to leave
 Your Company else.
 Prethee, Wheadle, let's have a Box and Dice.
 Whead. We shall grow dull. Mr. Palmer, what say
 You to the business?
 Palm. I do not understand Dice. I understand good
 Pasture and drink—Hang the Devil and his Works.

[Wheadle & Sir Nick. Carry it and for Dice. Cull.]
 Palmer Sings.
 He that leaves his Wine for Boxes and Dice,
 Or his Wench for fear of mishaps,
 May be beg all his days, cracking of Lice,
 And die in conclusion of Claps.

Enter Drawer with Dice.

Palm. Come, come, Gentlemen, this is the harmless
Sport of the two; a merry Glass to you.

Sir Nich. Excuse me, Sir; I'll play you here. *Takes Dice.*
Come, come, Sir, on Six; Six is the Main.

Palm. The Main? what's the Main?

Sir Nich. Do not you understand Hazard?

Palm. I understand Dice, or hap-Hazard!

Sir Nich. Can you play at Passage?

Palm. You pass my understanding: I can sing
Most at a throw, for a Shot, or a Glass of Wine.

Sir Nich. Passage is easily learn'd: The Caster will
If he sing above ten with Doublets upon

Three Dice.

Palm. How Doublets?

Sir Nich. Two of a sort; two Cinqs, two Treys, or the like.

Palm. Ho, ho, I have you.

Sir Nich. Come, set then.

Palm. I set you this Bottle.

Sir Nich. Nay, nay, set Money.

Palm. Is it a fair play Mr. *Whhead*?

Whhead. Upon my word a very fair square play; but

This Table is so wet, there's no playing upon it.

Drawer. Will you be pleas'd to retire into the next Room,
Gentlemen?

Sir Nich. I think will not be amiss.

Whhead. Much better. Come Mr. *Palmer*.

Palm. I'll follow Sir.

Palmer Sings.

If she be not at hand as fair,
But peevish and unbandy,
Leave her, let's have a Box and Lark,
Of some spruce Jack-a-dandy.

I won't have these in my way,
Had it been a good Dicer,
Pasture and drink —

— *Palmer Sings.*
He that leaves his Wine for Box and Dice,
O his Wench for fear of mischief,
Shall be set all his days, cracking of Rice,
And die in conclusion of Cliche.

Sir Nich. Ho brave Boy.

Palm. March on, march on.

SCENE II. Sings.

Make much of every buxome Girl,
Which needs but little clothing;
Her value is above the Pearl,

ACT III. SCENE I.

Scene. A Taverne.

Enter Sir Nicholas Cully, Wheadle, Palmer, and Drawer.

Palmer. Nay, Sir Nicholas, for all your haile, I must
Have a Note under your hand for the thousand
Pounds you owe me.

Whead. This must not be among Friends, Mr. Palmer.
Sir Nich^las shall not pay the money.

Sir Nich. I had been a Mad-man to play at such a rate.
If I had ever intended to pay.

Palmer. Though I am but a poor Country-man, I count
To be chous'd: I have Friend in Town.

Whead. But hark you Mr. Palmer.

Palmer. Hark me no harks; I le have my money.

Sir Nich. Drawer, take your Reckⁿing.

Whead. laughing. Farewel, Sir; haste into the Country to

Mind your Cattle.

Palmer. But hark you, Gentlemen, are you in earnest?

Whead. Ay indeed; fare you well, Sir.

Palmer. I took you for my Friend, Mr. Wheadle;

But now I perceive what you are.

* Your car, Sir.

Whead. Never fear him; he dares not to go into the

Field, without it be among his sheep.

Cul. Agreed; to morrow, about eight in the morning,

Near Paneridge.

Whead. I will have the honour to serve you, Sir Nicholas.

Provide your self a Second, Mr. Palmer.

[Exit Sir Nich. and Wheadle, singing.]

Palmer. So, laugh:

This is the Sheep that I must fleece.

SCENE

SCEN. II.

Scene, *Chamber Garden.*

Enter Sir Frederick Frolick, with Fiddlers before him, and six or eight Link-boys, dancing and singing:

Sir Fred. Here, here, this is the window, I range your Selves here.

Enter the Bellman.

Bell-m. Good-morrow, Gentlemen,

Sir Fred. Honest Bell-man, pretence lend me thy Bell.

Bell-m. With all my heart, Master.

Sir Fred. *Plays the Bell, and then repeats the Verse.*
Sir Fred. You Widow, what do'st thou do here?

And now for your *dead husband's weep,*

Perceiving well what man you have

Of that poor worm has sat in Grave

Rise out of Bed, and open the door

Here's what will all your joys restore.

Good-morrow, my Mistress's dear, Good-morrow

Good-morrow, Widow.

He rings the Bell again.

The Chamber-maid comes to the Window in her Night-Gown, holding her

Petticoat in her hand.

Maid. Who's that comes at this unreasonable Hour, to disturb my Ladies quiet?

Sir Fred. An honest Bellman to mind her of her frailty.

Maid. Sir Frederick, I wonder you will offer this; You will lose her favour for ever.

Sir Fred. Y'are mistaken; now's the time to creep into Her favour.

Maid. I'm sure y'ave wak'd me out of the sweetest sleep; Hey ho—

Sir Fred. Poor girl! let me in, I'll rock Thee into a sweeter.

Maid. I hear a stirring in my Mistress's Chamber; I believe y'ave frightened her.

Sir Fred. Sound a fresh Alarm, the Enemy's at hand.

The Widow comes to the Window in her Night-Gown.

Wid. Whose insolence is this, that dares affront me This?

Sir Fred. in } If there be insolence in Love, 'tis I
a Charming Tone. } Have done you this unwilling injury.

Wid.

Wid. What pitiful rhyming fellow's that? he speaks
As if he were prompted by the Fiddlers.

Sir Fred. Alas, what pains I take thus to unclothe
Those pretty eye-lids which lock'd up my Foes!

Wid. A godly Buke would become that tone a great
Deal better: He might get a pretty living by
Reading Mother *Shipton's* Prophecies, or some
Pious Exhortation at the corner of a Street:
His mournful voice, I vow, has mov'd my compassion.

Sir Fred. Ay, ay, we shou'd have a fellow-feeling of one
Another indeed, Widow.

Wid. Sir *Frederick*, is it you?

Sir Fred. Yes truly; and can you be angry, Lady?
Have not your Quarters been beaten up
At these most seasonable hours before now?

Wid. Yes; but it has been by one that has had a Commission
For what he did: I'm afraid shou'd it once become
Your Duty, you would soon grow weary of the Employment.

Sir Fred. Widow, I hate this distance; 'tis not the English fashion:
Prethee lets come to't hand to fist.

Wid. I give no entertainment to such lewd persons.
Farewel, Sir.

[Exit *Wid.*

Sir Fred. I'll fetch thee again, or conjure the whole Garden up.
Sing the Catch I taught you at the *Rose*.

[*Fiddlers sing.*

SONG.

HE that will win a Widows heart
Must bear up briskly to her:
She loves the Lad that's free and smart,
But hates the formal Wooer.

Widow runs to the Window again, with her maid.

Wid. Hold, hold, Sir *Frederick*, what do you imagine
The Neighbours will think?

Sir Fred. So ill, I hope, of thee, thou'lt be forc'd to
Think the better of me.

Wid. I am much beholden to you for the care you have
Of my Reputation.

Sir Fred. Talk no more, but let the door be open'd
Or else *Fiddlers*——

Wid. Pray hold; what security shall I have for
Your good behaviour?

Sir Fred. My Sobriety.

Wid. That's pawn'd at the Tavern from whence
You came.

Sir Fred. Thy own Honesty then, is that engag'd?

Wid. I think that will go nigh to secure me.

Give 'em entrance, *Betty*.

[*Ex. Widow and her Maid.*]

Enter Palmer, with a Link before him.

Sir Fred. Ha! who goes there?

Palm. An humble Creature of yours, Sir.

Sir Fred. Palmer in a disguise! what roguery
Hast thou been about?

Palm. Out of my loyal inclinations doing
Service to his Majesty.

Sir Fred. What? a plotting?

Palm. How to destroy his enemies, Mr. *Whipple*;
And I are very vigilant.

Sir Fred. In bubbling of some body, on my life.

Palm. We do not use to boast our services,
Nor do we seek Rewards, good actions
Recompence themselves.

Sir Fred. Ho the door opens; farewell, Sirrah.
Gentlemen, wait you without, and be ready
When I call.

Honest Bell-man, drink this.

[*Gives the Bell-man money.*]

Bell-m. Thank you, Noble Master.

[*Exit Bell-man.*]

Sir Fred. *entering.* Here's something to stop thy mouth too.

[*The Maid shrieks.*]

Maid. Out upon you, Sir *Frederick*; you'll never leave
Your old tricks.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Scene, The Widows House.

Enter Sir Frederick, leading the Widow, follow'd by her Maid.

Sir Fred. Little did I think I shou'd have been brought
To this pass: Love never had the power to rob me
Of my rest before.

Wid. Alas poor Gentleman! he has not been us'd to
These late hours.

Sir Fred. Widow, do not you be peevish now; 'tis dangerous
Jesting with my affection; 'tis in its infancy, and
Must be humour'd.

Wid. Pray teach me how, Sir.

Sir Fred. Why, with kisses, and such pretty little dalliances;
Thus, thus.

[*Kisses her.*]

Wid.

VVid. Hold, hold, Sir; if it be so froward, put it out
 To Nurse; I am not so fond of it as you imagine;
 Pray how have you dispos'd of your brave Camerades?
 Have you left them to the mercy of the Beadle?

Sir Fred. No, you must be acquainted with their Virtues.
 Enter, Gentlemen.

*Enter the Fiddlers, and a Masque of the Link-boys, who are Dancing-
 masters, disguis'd for the Frolick.*

VVid. These are men of skill.

[After the Masque.

Sir Fred. I disguis'd 'em for your entertainment.

VVid. Well, Sir, now I hope you'll leave me to my
 Rest.

Sir Fred. Can you in conscience turn a young man
 Out of doors at this time o' th' night, Widow?

Fie, fie, the very thought on't will keep you
 Waking.

VVid. So pretty, so well-favour'd a young man;
 One that loves me.

Sir Fred. Ay, one that loves you.

VVid. Truly 'tis a very hard-hearted thing.

[She sighs.

Sir Fred. Come, come be mollifi'd. You may go, Gentlemen,
 And leave me here; you may go.

[To the Masquers.

VVid. You may stay, Gentlemen; you may stay,
 And take your Captain along with you:

You'll find good Quarters in some warm Hay-loft.

Sir Fred. Merciless woman! Do but lend me thy Maid; faith I'll
 Use her very tenderly and lovingly, even as I'd use
 Thyself, dear Widow, if thou wou'dst but make proof
 Of my affection.

VVid. If the Constable carry your suspicious person to the
 Compter, pray let me have notice of it; I'll send my
 Taylor to be your Bail.

Sir Fred. Go, go to bed, and be idle, Widow; that's worse then
 Any misfortune I can meet with. Strike up, and give
 Notice of our coming. Farewel, *VVidow*;
 I pity thy solitary condition.

[Exeunt Fiddlers playing.

SCEN. IV.

Scene, Sir Frederick's Lodging.

Enter Dufoy, and Clark.

Clark. I wonder Sir Frederick stays out so late.

Dufoy. Dis is noting; fix, seven a clock in the morning

Is ver good hour.

Clark, I hope he does not use these hours often.

Dufoy, Some six, seven time a week; no oftner.

Clark, My Lord commanded me to wait his coming.

Dufoy, *Matré Clark*, to divertise you, I vil tell you
How I did get be acquainted vid dis bedlam *Matré*.

About two, tree year ago me had for my conveniance

[Enter a Foot-boy.

Dischargé my self from attending as *Matré D'offel* to

A person of Condition in *Parie*; it hapen after de

Dispatch of my little affaire.

Foot-b. That is, after h'ad spent his money, Sir.

Dufoy, Jan fourré de Lacque; me vil have de Vip

And de Belle vor your breeck, Rogoe.

Foot-b. Sir, in a word, he was Jack-pudding to a Mountebank;

And turn'd off for want of wit: my Master pick'd him

Up before a Puppet-show, mumbling a half-penny

Custard, to send him with a Letter to the Post.

Dufoy, Morbleu, see, see de insolance of de Foot-boy English,

Bogre Rascale, you lye, begar I vil cutté your troat.

[Exit Foot-boy.

Clark, He's a Rogue; on with your story, Monsieur.

Dufoy, *Matré Clark*, I am your ver humble Serviteur; but

Begar me have no patience to be abusé. As I did say, After

De dispatché of my affaire, van day being Idéle, vich

Doés producé de Mellanchollique, I did valké over

De new Bridge in *Parie*, and to divertise de time,

And my more serious thought, me did look to see

De Marrioneté and de Jack-pudding, vich

Did play hundred pretty trike, time de

Collation vas come; and vor I had no company, I vas

Unvilling to go to de Cabaret; but did buy a Darriolé;

Littel Custardé vich did satisfie my apeteire ver vel:

In dis time young Monsieur de *Grandvil* (a Jentelman

Of ver great Quality, van dat vas my ver good Friend,

And has done me ver great and insignal favoure)

Come by in his Caroché, vid dis Sir *Froliek*, who did

Pension at the same Academy, to learn de

Language, de bon mine, de great horse, and

Many oder trike: Monsieur seeing me did

Make de bowé, and did beken, beken me come

To him: he did tellé me dat de Englis Jentelman

Had de Letré vor de Posté, and did entreaté

Me (if I had de oppertunity) to see de Letré

Deliver: he did tellé me too, it vould be ver great

Obligation: de memory of de favoir I had

Receive.

Receiv from his Famelyé, beside de inclination
 Natural y have to servé de strangeré, made me
 Returné de complemen vid ver great civility,
 And so I did take de Letré, and see it deliveré.
 Sir *Frollick* perceiving (by de management of dis
 Affairé) dat I vas man d'esprit, and of vitté, did
 Entreaté me to be his Serviteur; me did take
 D'affection to his Personé, and vas contenté to live
 Vid him, to counsel and to advisé him. You see
 Now de lye of de Bougre dé Lacque Engliishé, Morbleu.

Enter a Foot-man.

Foot m. Monsieur, the Apothecary is without.
Dufoy. Dat news beno ver welcome, began.
Matré Clark, go and sit you down; I vil but swal
 My break face, and be vid you again presant.
Morbleu L'Apothecaré.

Exeunt.

SCEN. V.

Scene, A Field.

Enter Wheadle and Cully.

Cully. Dear *Wheadle*, this is too dangerous a testimony
 Of thy kindness.

Whead. I should be angry with you if you thought so :
 What makes you so serious ?

Cul. I am sorry I did not provide for both our safeties.

Whead. How so ?

Cul. Colonel *Hewson* is my neighbour, and very good
 Friend; I might have acquainted him with
 The business, and got him with a File of
 Musketers to secure us all.

Whead. But this wou'd not secure your Honour.
 What wou'd the world have judg'd ?

Cul. Let the world have judg'd what it wou'd : Have;
 We not had many présidents of late, and
 The world knows not what to judge ?

Whead. But you see there was no need to hazard
 Your Reputation; here's no Enemy appears.

Cul. VVe have done our duty, let's be going then.

Whead. VVe ought to wait a while.

Cul. The air is so bleak, I vow I can no longer
 Endure it.

Whead. Have a little patience, methinks I see two

Making

Making remarks up

In the next Close.

Cul. Where, where? 'tis them.

Whead. Bear up bravely now like a man.

Cul. I protest I am the worst dissembler

In cases of this nature.

Whead. Alon; look like a man of resolution.

Whither, whither go you?

Cul. But to the next house to make my will,

For fear of the worst: tell them I'll be here

Again presently.

Whead. By no means; if you give 'em the least occasion

To suspect you, they'll appear like Lions.

Cul. Well, 'tis but giving security for the money;

That will bring me off at last.

Enter Palmer and his Second.

Palm. I see you ride the Fore-horse, Gentlemen:

[All strip but Cully, who fumbles with his Doublet.

Whead. Good-morrow, Sir.

Sec. Come, Sir, let us match the Swords.

[To Wheadle.

Whead. With all my heart.

[They match the Swords.

Palmer sings.

He had and a good right Bilbo blade,

Wherewith he us'd to vapour;

Full many a stubborn Foe had made

To wince and cut a caper.

Sec. Here's your sword, Sir.

[To Palmer.

Palm. Come, Sir, are you ready for this sport?

[To Cully.

Cul. By and by, Sir; I will not rend the buttons from my Doublet for no mans pleasure.

Whead. Death, y'ave spoil'd all; make haste.

Cul. Hang 'em, the Devil eggs 'em on; they will fight.

Palm. What, will you never have done fumbling?

Sec. This is a shame; fight him with his Doublet on; There's no foul play under it.

Palm. Come, Sir, have at you.

[Making to Cully.

Sec. Here, here, Sir.

[To Wheadle.

Whead. I am for you, Sir.

[Wheadle and the Second seem to fight.

Cul. Hold, hold, I beseech you, Mr. Palmer, hear me, Hear me

Whead. What's the matter?

Cul.

Cul. My Conscience will not let me fight in a wrong Cause; I will pay the money, I have fairly lost it.

Whead. How contemptible is man, overcome by the worst of Passions, Fear! it makes him as much below Beasts As Reason raises him above them. I will myself Fight you both; Come on, if you dare.—

Cul. Prethee, dear *Wheadle*, do but hear me.

Whead. I disown all the kindness I ever had for you: Where are these men of valour, which owe their Virtue to this mans Vice? let me go, I will chastise Their insolence my self.

[*Cully holds him.*]

Cul. Dear *Wheadle*, bear with the frailties of Thy Friend.

Whead. Death, what wou'd you have me do? Can I serve You with any thing more dear than my life?

Cul. Let us give them security.

Whead. Do you know what it is you wou'd do? have you consider'd: What a thousand Pounds is? 'tis a Fortune for any one man.

Cul. I will pay it all; thou shalt be no loser.

Whead. Do you hear, Shepherd? how do you expect This money?

Palm. I expect such security for it as my friend shall advise.

Sec. A Warrant to confess a Judgment from you both.

Whead. You shall be damn'd first; you shall Have nothing.

Palm. and Sec. We'll have your bloods.

[*They press to fight; Cully holds Wheadle.*]

Whead. Let me go.

Cul. Dear *Wheadle*, let it be so. You shall Have a Judgment, Gentlemen.

Whead. I will take care hereafter with whom I engage.

[*The Second pulls Papers out of his pocket.*]

What? you have your tacklings about you.

Sec. We have Articles for Peace, as well as Weapons For War.

Whead. Dispatch, dispatch then, put me to no more Torment with delays.

Sec. Come Sir *Nicholas* to the Book; you see we are favourable; We grant you the benefit of your Clergy. Your [*Cul. subscribes on Palmer's Helping hand, good Mr. Wheadle, to finish the work.* back and then *Wheadle.*

Whead. Take that into the bargain.

[*Kicks him.*]

Palm. You shall have another, if you please, at the price.

Sec. We seldom quarrel under a thousand pounds.

Palm. and Sec. We wish you merry; Gentlemen.

Palmer.

Palmer sings.

*Come, let's to the Tavern scape,
And drink whilst we can stand;
We thirst more for the blood o' th' Grape
Than for the blood of man.*

[*Exeunt* Palmer and Second.

Whead. Do you see now what men of mighty prowess
These are?

Cul. I was to blame indeed.

Whead. I am in such a passion I know not what
To do: Let us not stand gazing here;
I would not have this known for a Kingdom.

Cul. No, nor I neither.

[*Exeunt.*

SCEN. VI:

Scene, The Lord Bevil's House.

Enter my Lord Bevil and Lovis.

Lovis. 'Tis yet within your pow'r, Sir, to maintain
Our Honour, and prevent this threatening stain.

L. Bev. Forbear this wicked insolence: Once more
I charge you think on your Obedience.

[*Exit L. Bevil.*

Lovis. Beauty, what art thou, we so much admire!
Thou art no real, but a seeming fire,
Which, like the glow-worm, only casts a light
To them whose Reason Passion does benight.
Thou art a Meteor, which but blazing dies,
Made of such Vapours as from us arise.
Within thy guilty beams lurk cruel Fates,
To peaceful Families, and warring States.
Unhappy Friend, to doat on what we know——

[*Ent. a Servant.*

Serv. Sir, Colonel Bruce, unexpectedly released from
His Imprisonment, is come to wait upon you.

[*Exit Servant.*

Lovis. What shall I do! Ye Powers above be kind,
Some counsel give to my distracted mind;
Friendship and shame within me so contend,
I know not how to shun or meet my Friend.

Enter Bruce.

Bruce. Where is my generous Friend? Oh noble Youth,
How long have I been rob'd of this content?
Though deprivation be the greatest pain,

[*They Embrace.*

When

When Heav'n restores our happiness again,
 It makes amends by our increase of joy,
 Perfecting that which it did once destroy.
 Dear Friend, my love does now exact its due;
Graciana must divide my heart with you:
 Conduct me to your Sister, where I may
 Make this my morn of Joy a glorious day.
 What means this sad astonishment!

Louis. How can we chuse but with confusion greet,
 When I your joys with equal sorrows meet.

Bruce. O Heav'n! must my afflictions have no end!
 I scap'd my Foe, to perish by my Friend:
 VVhat strange disaster can produce this grief!
 Is *Graciana* dead? Speak, speak: be brief.

Louis. She lives; but I could wish her dead.

Bruce. Rash man! why should your envy swell so high,
 To wish the world this great calamity?
 VVith the whole frame of Nature were dissolv'd,
 That all things to a Chaos were revolv'd.
 There is more charity in this desire;
 Since with our loss, our sorrows wou'd expire.

Enter Aurelia:

Louis. Here comes *Aurelia*, sent for my relief:
 Heav'n knows her tongue can best express this grief:
 Examine her, and you shall find ere long
 I can revenge, though not relate your wrong.

Bruce. For pity haste, *Aurelia*, and declare
 The reasons of your Brothers frighting care:
 My soul is rack'd with doubts, until I know.
 Your silence and your looks, *Aurelia*, shew
 As if your kindness made you bear a part
 Of those great sorrows that afflict his heart.

Aurel. His passion is so noble and so just,
 No gen'rous Soul can know it but it must
 Lay claim unto a portion, as its due:
 He can be thus concern'd for none but you.

Bruce. Kind Maid, reveal what my misfortunes are;
 Friendship must not engross them, though it share.
 I wou'd not willingly my Love suspect;
 And yet I fear 'tis answer'd with neglect.

Aurel. My Sister, by unlucky stars miss'd,
 From you and from her happiness is fled;
 Unskilful in the way, by passion prest,
 She has took shelter in anothers breast.

Fate. Fate, thou hast done thy worst, thy Triumphing;
Now thou hast stung to home, thou hast lost thy sting.
I have not power, *Graciana*, to exclaim
Against your fault; indeed you are to blame.

[*After a pause.*]

Louis. Tell me, did she her promise plight, or give
Your love encouragement enough to live?

Bruce. It was her pity sure, and not her Love,
That made her seem my passion to approve :
My story was unpleasant to her ear

At first; but time had made her apt to hear
My Love : She told me that it grew her grief;
As much as mine, my pain found no relief;
Then promis'd she'd endeavour the decrease
Of that in her which warr'd against my peace;
'Twas in this joyful spring of Love that I
Was ravish'd from her by our enemy :
My hopes grew strong, I banish'd all despair :
These glowing sparks I then left to the care
Of this fair maid, thinking she might inspire
My passion, and blow up the kindling fire.

Louis. Alas ! she to my knowledge, has been true ;
She spoke and sigh'd all that she cou'd for you.

Aurel. When you were forc'd to end, I did proceed,
And with success the catching fire did feed :

Till noble *Beaufort*, one unlucky day,

A visit to our Family did pay ;

Newly arriv'd from Foreign Courts, and Fraught

With all those Virtues that in Courts are taught :

He with his am'rous Tales so charm'd her ear,

That she of Love from none but him wou'd hear.

Bruce. That heart which I so long with toil and pain

Besteg'd, and us'd all stratagems to gain, [Enter a Servant and whispers
to *Louis*.]

Is now become within a trice we see,
The triumph of anothers Victory.

There is a fate in love, as well as war ;

Some though less careful more successful are.

Louis. Do not this opportunity withstand ;

These Lovers now are walking hand in hand

I'th' Garden, fight him there, and sacrifice

His heart to that false Womans cruelty :

If fate be so unjust to make thee fall,

His blood or mine shall wait thy Funeral.

Bruce. Young man, this rashness must have my excuse ;

Since 'tis your friendship does your fault produce ;

If powers above did not this passion sway,
 But that our Love our Reason did obey,
 Your Sister I with justice might accuse,
 Nor wou'd I this occasion then refuse.

Louis. Does Bruce resolve thus tamely to decline
 His int'rest, and like foolish women pine?
 Can that great heart which in your breast does dwell,
 Let your fond griefs above your courage swell?

Bruce. My passions grow unruly, and I find
 Too soon they'll raise a Tempest in my mind.
Graciana, like fond Parents, y'are to blame
 You did not in its youth correct my flame;
 'Tis now so head-strong, and so wild a fire,
 I fear to both our ruines 'twill conspire:
 I grow impatient, Friend, come lead me where
 I may to her my injur'd Love declare.

Graciana, yet your heart shall be my prize,
 Or else my heart shall be your sacrifice.
 Despair the issue of ignoble minds,
 And but with Cowards entertainment finds: [Exeunt Lewis and Bruce,

Aurel. Heav'n grant some moderation to this rage,
 That Reason their swell'd passions may assuage.
 Oh Bruce! thou little think'st the Fates in me
 Have to the full reveng'd thy injury. [Exit:

SCENE. VII.

Scene, A Garden belonging to my Lord Bevil's House.

Enter Beaufort and Graciana.

Beauf. Madam, what you have told so much must move
 All that have sense of Honour or of Love,
 That for my Rival I cou'd shed a Tear,
 If grief had any pow'r when you are near.

Grac. Leave this discourse; your Mistress you neglect
 And to your Rival all your thoughts direct.

Enter Bruce and Lewis, and stand undiscover'd,

Beauf. Forgive me, dear *Graciana,* I have been
 By my compassion sooth'd into a sin.
 The holiest man that to the altar bows
 With wand'ring thoughts too often stains his Vows.

Bruce. *Graciana,* you are alter'd much, I find; [Surprising her by the hand,
 Since I was here y'ave learn'd how to be kind.
 The god of Love, which subli'y let you sway,

Has stoln your heart, and taught it to obey.

Grac. Heav'n's I what strange surprise is this!

Bruce. Hither I'm come to make my lawful claim;

You are my Mistress, and must o'n my flame.

Beauf. Forbear, bold man, and do not tempt thy fate; [*Taking her by the other hand.*]

Thou hast no right, her Love does right create:

Thy Claim must to my Title here give place;

'Tis not who loves, but whom she's pleas'd to grace.

Grac. Hear me but speak; *Bruce*, you divide my care;

Though not my Love, you my Compassion share;

My heart does double duty; it does mourn

For you brave *Bruce*; for you brave *Beaufort* burn.

Bruce. Your pity but destroys: if you would save,

It is your Love, *Graciana*, I must have.

Beauf. Her Love is mine, she did it now declare;

Name it no more, but vanish and despair.

Bruce. Death, do you think to conjure me away!

I am no Devil that am forc'd to obey:

If y'e are so good at that, here are such charms [*Laying his hand on his sword.*]

Can fright y' into the circle of her arms.

Beauf. Here is a Sword more fit for my defence;

This is not courage, *Bruce*, but insolence. [*Grac. takes Beauf. in her arms.*]

Graciana, let me go, my heart wants room.

Grac. My arms till now were ne're thought troublesome.

Bruce. *Beaufort*, I hope y'aye courage to appear,

Where sacred Sanctuary is not near.

I'll leave you now within that happy state

Which does provoke my fury and my hate.

[*Exit Bru. and Lov.*]

Grac. You must not meet him in the field, to prove

A doubtful Combat for my certain Love.

Beside, your heart is mine; will you expose

The heart you gave me to its raging foes?

Those men want honour who stake that at play

Which to their Friends their kindness gave away.

Beauf. *Graciana*, why did you confine me so

Within your arms? you shou'd have let me go:

We soon had finish'd this our hot debate,

Which now must wait a longer time on Fate.

Grac. None, in combustions blame such as desire

To save their precious Goods from raging fire.

Banish this passion now, my Lord, and prove

Your anger cannot overcloud your Love.

Beauf. Your glorious presence can this rage controul

And make a calm in my tempestuous soul;

But

But yet there must be time ; the Sun does bear
A while with the fierce tempests of the Air,
Before he make those stormy conflicts cease,
And with his conquering beams proclaims a peace.

[Exeunt.]

ACT. IV. SCEN. I.

Enter Lord Beaufort and Lovis.

Lovis. Farewel, my Lord, I'll to my Friend declare
How generous you in your acceptance were.

Beauf. My Honour is as forward as my Love,
On equal wings of jealousy they move :
I to my Rival will in neither yield ;
I've won the Chamber, and will win the Field.

Lovis. Your Emulation, Sir, is swoln so high,
You may be worthy of his Victory :
You'll meet with Honour blown, not in the bud,
Whose Root was fed with vast expence of blood.

[Exit Lovis.]

Enter Sir Frederick.

Sir Fred. What, my Lord, as studious as a Country
Vicar on a Saturday in the afternoon ?
I thought you had been ready for the Pulpit.

Beauf. I am not studying of speeches for my Mistress ;
'Tis action that I now am thinking on ;
Wherein there's Honour to be gain'd ;
And you, Cousin, are come luckily to share it.

Sir Fred. On my life, a prize to be plaid for your Mistress :
I had notice of your Quarrel, which brought me
Hither so early with my Sword to serve you.
But dares so zealous a Lover as your Lordship
Break the commandment of your Mistress ? I heard,
Poor Lady, she wept, and charg'd you to sleep
In a whole skin ; but young men never know
When th' are well.

Beauf. Cousin, my love to her cannot make me forget my duty
To my Family.

Sir Fred. Pray whose body must I exercise my skill
Upon ?

Beauf. You met the man ; *Graciana's* Brother.

Sir Fred. An expert Gentleman, and I have not
Fenc'd of late, unless it were with my

Widow's

Widows Maids; and they are e'en too hard
For me at my own weapon.

Beauf. Cousin, 'tis time we were preparing for the
Field.

Sir Fred. I wait to serve you, Sir.

Beauf. But yet with grief, *Graciana*, I must go,
Since I your Brother there shall meet my Foe:
My fate, too near resembles theirs where he
Did wound himself that hurt his Enemy.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCEN. II.

Enter Wheadle, and Palmer dress'd like the Lord Bevil.

Whead. So, my *Proteus*, exactly dress'd!
Dexterous Rogue! Is *Grace* ready in her Geers, and
Sett'd in my Lady *Dambwells* House?

Palm. Every trap is baited.

Whead. I'll warrant thee then we catch our Cully:
He's gone to put himself into a fantastick
Garb, in imitation of *Sir Fredrick Frolick*;
He's almost frantick with the very conceit
Of gaining the rich Widow. But hark, I
Hear him coming; slip down the back way,
And to your charge.

[*Exit. Palma.*]

Enter Cully.

Sir Nich. Wheadle, and what think you of this
Habit? is it not very modish?

Whead. As any man need wear: How did you
Furnish your self so suddenly?

Sir Nich. Suddenly? I protest I was at least at
Sixteen Broakers, before I cou'd put my self
Exactly into the fashion; but now I desire
Sir Frederick; I am as fine as he, and will be as mad
As he, if that will carry the Widow, I'll warrant
Thee.

Whead. Is it not better pushing thus for a Fortune,
Before your Reputation's blasted
With the infamous names of Coward and Gamester?
And so become able to pay the thousand pounds without noise,
Then going into the Country, selling your Land,
Making a havock among your Woods, or mortgaging
Your Estate to a scrupulous Scrivener, that will
Whisper it into the ears of the whole Town,

By

By inquiring of your good behaviour?

Sir Nich. Excellent *Wheadle*! And will my Lord
Bevil speak my commendations to his
Sister?

Whead. She is impatient till she see you, Sir;
For in my hearing, upon the account I gave him
Of you, he told her you were the prettiest, wittiest,
Wildest Gentleman about the Town, and a Cavalier
In your heart; the only things that take her.

Sir Nich. *Wheadle*, come, I will go to the Tavern;
And swallow two whole quarts of Wine
Instantly, and when I am drunk
Ride on a Drawer back to visit her.

Whead. Some less Frolick to begin with.

Sir Nich. I will cut three Drawers over the pate then;
And go with a Tavern-Lanthorn before me at noon-day.
Come away. [Exeunt, Cully singing.]

SCENE III.

Enter Palmer and Grace.

Palm. Do not I look like a very Reverend Lord,
Grace?

Grace. And I like a very fine Lady, Mr. *Palmer*?

Palm. Yes in good faith, *Grace*; what a rogue is that
Wheadle, to have kept such a Treasure to himself,
Without communicating a little to his Friends? [Offers to kiss her]

Grace. Forbear; you'll be out in your Part,
My Lord, when *Sir Nicholas* comes.

Palm. The truth is, my Lady, I am better
Prepar'd at this time to act a Lover than
A Relation.

Grace. That grave dress is very amorous indeed.

Palm. My Virtues, like those of Plants in the Winter,
Are retired; your warm Spring
Wou'd fetch 'em out with a vengeance.

Enter Jenny in haste.

Jenny. Mr. *Wheadle* and *Sir Nicholas* are come.

Palm. Away, away then, Sister, expect your Kew.

*Enter Wheadle and Sir Nicholas, kicking a Tavern-boy before him, who
has three Bottles of Wine on a Rope hanging at his back.*

Cul. singing. Then march along Boys; valiant and strong Boys.
So lay down the Bottles here.

Whead.

Whead. My Lord, this is the worthy Gentleman
That I told you was
Ambitious to be your Sisters Servant.

Cul. Hither am I come, my Lord, to drink
Your Sisters Health, without offence, I hope.

Palm. You are heartily welcome, Sir.

Cul. Here's a Brimmer then to her, and all the
Fleas about her.

Palm. Sir, I'll call her to pledge it.

Cul. Stay, stay, my Lord, that you may

Be able to tell her you have drunk it.

Wheadle. how do you like this?

Shall I break the Windows?

Whead. Hold, hold; you are not in a

House of evil reputation.

Cul. Well admonish'd, Sir *Frederick Frollick.*

Enter Palmer and Grace.

Palm. This is Sir *Nich'las*, Sister.

Cul. I Madam. I am Sir *Nich'las*, and how do you like me?

Grace. A pretty Gentleman.

Pray, Sir, are you come a House-warming,
That you bring Wine with you?

Cul. If you ask such pert Questions,

Madam, I can stop your mouth.

Hither I am come to be drunk,

That you may see me drunk; and

Here's a Health to your Flannel Petticoat.

Grace. Mr. *Wheadle*, my service to you; a Health
To Sir *Nich'las* great Grand-fathers Beard-brush.

Cul. Nay, pledge me; ha——

Grace. You are not quarrellsome in your drink,
I hope, Sir.

Cul. No, faith; I am wond'rous loving.

Grace. You are a very bold Lover.

Cul. Widow, let you and I go upon the ramble
To night.

Grace. Do you take me for a Night-walker, Sir?

Cul. Thou shalt be witness how many Constables

Staves I'll break about the War-chimneys ears:

How many Bell-men I'll rob of their Verses,

To furnish a little Appartment in the back-side
Of my Lodging.

Grace. I believe y^e are an excellent man at
Quarter-staff, Sir.

Cul.

Cul. The odds was on my head against any Warrener
In all our Country ; But I have left it off this
Two year. My Lord, what say you, Do you think

Your Sister and I shou'd not furnish a Bed-chamber
As well as two soberer people? what think you, my Lord?

Grace. I, and a Nursery too, I hope, Sir.

Cul. Well said, Widow, I'faith ; I will get upon thy body
A generation of wild Cats, children that shall
Waw, waw, scratch their Nurser, and be drunk
With their sucking-bottles.

Whead. Brave Sir Nib'las.

Cul. *Wheadle*, give me a Brimmer ; the Widow
Shall drink it to our Progeny.
Where, where is the gone?

Palm. You have frightened her hence, Sir.

Cul. I'll fright her worse, if I find her in a corner.
Ha, Widow, I'll follow you ; I'll follow you, ha.

Whead. The Wine makes the Rogue witty ; he
Over-acts the Part I gave him ;

Sir *Frederick* is not half so mad : I will keep
Him thus elevated till he has married *Grace*,
And we have the best part of his estate at our mercy.

Palm. Most ingenious *Wheadle* !

Whead. I was not born to ease nor Acres ;
Industry is all my stock of living.

Palm. Hark, he puts them to the squeek.

Whead. We must go and take him off, he's as fierce
As a Bandog that has newly broke his chain.

[Exit Grace.]

[The women shriek within.]

[Exeunt laughing.]

SCEN. IV.

Scene, A Field.

Enter Bruce and Lovis, and traverse the Stage.

Then enter four or five men in disguises.

1 *Man.* This way they went ; be sure you kill the Villain:
Let pity be a stranger to your breasts.

2 *Man.* We have been bred, you know, unacquainted with
Compassion.

3 *Man.* But why, Colonel, shou'd you so eagerly
Pursue his life? he has the report of
A gallant man.

1 *Man.* He murdered my Father.

3 *Man*. I have heard he kill'd him fairly in
The Field at *Nashy*.

1 *Man*. He kill'd him, that's enough; and I my self
Was witness; I accus'd him to the
Protector, and suborn'd Witness
To have taken away his life by form
Of Law; but my Plot was discover'd, and
He yesterday releas'd; since which I've
Watch'd an opportunity, without the
Help of forming Justice, for my Revenge.
Strike home.——

3 *Man*. We are your hired slaves; and since
You'll have it so, we'll shed his blood,
And never spare our own.

[*Exit*, drawing their Swords.

Enter Beaufort and Sir Frederick, and traverse the Stage.

Enter Bruce and Lovis at another door.

Bruce. Your Friendship, noble Youth, 'stoo prodigal;
For one already lost you venture all;
Your present happiness, your future joy;
You for the hopeless your great hopes destroy.

Lovis. What can I venture for so brave a friend?
I have no hopes but what on you depend.
Shou'd I your friendship and my Honour rage
Below the value of a poor Estate,
A heap of dirt! Our Family has been
To blame, my blood must here atone the sin.

Enter the five Villains with drawn Swords.

Heavens! what is there an Ambuscado laid!
Draw, dearest Friend, I fear we are betray'd.

1 *Vil.* *Bruce*, look on me and then prepare to die.

[*Pulling off his
Vizard.*

Bruce. O Treacherous Villain!

1 *Vil.* Fall on, and sacrifice his blood to my Revenge.

Lovis. More hearts than one shall bleed if he must die.

[*They fight.*

Enter Beaufort and Sir Frederick.

Beauf. Heavens! what's this I see! Sir Frederick, draw;
Their blood's too good to grace such
Villains Swords. — Courage, brave men; now
We can match their Force.

Lovis. We'll make you, slaves, repent
This Treachery.

[*The Villains run.*

Beauf. So.

Bruce. They are not worth pursuit; wash let them go.
Brave men! this action makes it well appear

'Tis

'Tis Honour and not Envy brings you here.

Beauf. We come to conquer, *Bruce*, and not to see
'Such Villains rob us of our victory.

Your lives our fatal Swords claim as their due;
W'ad wrong'd our selves had we not righted you.

Bruce. Your gen'rous courage has oblig'd us so,
That to your succour we our safety owe.

Louis. Y'ave done what men of Honour ought to do,
What in your cause we wou'd have done for you.

Beauf. You speak the truth, w'ave but our duty done;
Prepare: Duty's no obligation.

Bruce. My Honour is dis-satisfi'd; I must, [*Louis and Sir Frederick strip.*
My Lord, consider whether it be just

To draw my Sword ag'inst that life which gave
Mine, but e'en now, protection from the grave.

Beauf. None come into the Field to weigh what's right,
'This is no place for Counsel, but for Fight:
Disparch.

Bruce. I am resolv'd I will not fight.

Beauf. Did I come hither then only to fright
A company of fearful slaves away?

My Courage stoors not at so mean a prey:

Know *Bruce*, I hither come to shed thy blood.

Bruce. Open this bosom, and let out a flood.

Beauf. I come to conquer bravely in the Field,
Not to take poor revenge on such as yield.

Has nothing pow'r, too backward man, to move

Thy Courage? Think on thy neglected Love:

Think on the beauteous *Graciana's* Eyes;

'Tis I have robb'd thee of that glorious prize.

Bruce. There are such charms in *Graciana's* Name,

[*Strips hastily.*

My scrup'ulous Honour must obey my Flame:

My lazy Courage I with shame condemn:

No thoughts have power streams of blood to stem.

Sir Fred. Come, Sir, out of kindness to our Friends

You and I must pass a small complement

On each other.

Beaufort after many Passes closes with *Bruce*; they fall; *Beaufort*
disarms him.

Beauf. Here, live.

[*Giving Bruce his Sword again.*

Bruce. My Lord, y'ave gain'd a perfect Victory;

Y'ave vanquish'd and oblig'd your enemy.

Beauf. Hold, gallant men,

Bruce and Beaufort part Louis and Sir Frederick.

Louis. Therefore we bleed: Do we here fight a Prize,
Where hand from profit may for Wounds suffice?
I am amaz'd! what means this bloodless Field!

Bruce. The stoutest heart must to his fortune yield.
Brave Youth! here Honour did with Courage vie,
And both agree to grace your Victory.
Heaven with such a Conquest favours few:
'Tis easier to destroy than to subdue.
Our bodies may by brutish force be kill'd;
But noble Minds alone to Virtue yield.
My Lord, I've twice receiv'd my life from you;
Much is to both those gen'rous actions due;
The noble giver I must highly prize,
Though I the Gift, heav'n knows, as much desire;
Can I desire to live, when all the Joy
Of my poor life its Ransom does destroy!
No, no, *Gracian's* loss I'll ne'er survive:
I pay too dear for this unsought Reprieve.

[*Falls on his Sword, and is desperately wounded.*]
Beauf. Hold gallant man! Honour her self does bleed;

[*Running to him, takes him in his arms.*]
All gen'rous hearts are wounded by this deed.
Louis. He does his blood for a lost Mistress spend;
And shall not I bleed for so brave a Friend?

[*Louis offers to fall on his Sword, but is hindered by*
Sir Frederick.]
Sir Fred. Forbear, Sir, the Irollick's not ^{so} round, as I did on as
Take it.

Beauf. 'Twere greater Friendship to assist me here;
I hope the wound's not mortal, though I fear

Bruce. My Sword, I doubt, has fail'd in my relief;
'T has made a vent for blood, but not for grief.

[*Bruce struggling, Louis and Sir Frederick help to hold him.*]
Let me once more the unkind Weapon try:
Will ye prolong my pain & oh cruelty!

Louis. Ah dearest *Bruce*, can you thus careless be
Of our great friendship, and your Loyalty!
Look on your Friend; your drooping Country view;
And think how much they both expect from you.
You for a Mistress waste that precious blood,
Which shoud be spent but for our Masters good.

Sir Fred. Exence of blood already makes him faint;
Let's carry him to the next house, till we can
Procure a chair to convey him to my Lord *Byvis's*.

The best place for accommodation.

[They all take him up.]

Beauf. Honour has plaid an after-game; this Field

The Conquerour does unto the Conquered yield. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

Enter Graciana weeping.

Grac. Farewel all thoughts of happiness; farewel: with an oath I will
My fears together with my sorrows swell: now I am almost dead with grief
Whilst from my eyes there flows this Christal flood, which should have been
From their brave hearts there flows such streams of blood, my blood and
Here I am lost, while both for me contend; I am almost dead with grief
With what success can this strange Combat end? I am almost dead with grief
Honour with Honour fights for Victory, armed bold in his red and
And Love is made the common Enemy. I am almost dead with grief

Enter Lord Bevil.

Lord Bevil Weeping! Ah Child!

Grac. Kill me not with expectation, Sir.

L. Bev. The gen'rous Bruce has killed himself

For you: Being disarm'd, and at his Rival's mercy,

His Life and Sword were given him by the

Noble Youth; He made a brave acknowledgment

For both; but then considering you were lost,

He scorn'd to live; and falling on his Sword,

Has giv'n himself a mortal wound.

[Exit L. Bevil.]

Enter Aurella weeping.

Aurel. Cruel Graciana, Go but in and see

The fatal Triumph of your Victory.

The Noble Bruce, to your eternal shame,

With his own blood has quench'd his raging flame.

Grac. Weeping. My carriage shall in these misfortunes prove

That I have Honour too, as well as Love.

Aurel. aside. Thy sorrows, sad Aurella, will declare

At once, I fear, thy Love and thy Despair:

These streams of grief straight to a flood will rise;

I can command my Tongue, but not my eyes.

[Exit Aurel.]

Grac. In what a Maze, Graciana, dost thou tread?

Which is the path that doth to Honour lead?

I in this Lab'rinth so resolve to move,

That none shall judge I am misled by Love.

Enter Beaufort.

Beauf. Here Conquerours must forget their Victories,

And homage pay to your victorious Eyes.

Graciana.

Graciana, hinder your poor slave is come,
After his Conquest to receive his doom;
Smile on his Victory; had he prov'd untrue
To Honour, he had then prov'd false to you.

Grac. Perfidious man, can you expect from me
An approbation of your Treachery!
When I, distracted with prophetic fears,
Blasted with sighs, and almost drown'd in tears,
Begg'd you to moderate your Rage last night,
Did you not promise me you would not fight?
Go now and triumph in your Victory;
Into the Field you seek my Enemy,
And are return'd the only man I hate,
The wicked instrument of my sad fate.
My Love has but dissembled been to thee
To try my gen'rous Lover's constancy. *[Exit Graciana.]*

Beauf. Oh Heav'n! how strange and cruel is my fate!
Preserv'd by Love, to be destroy'd by hate! *[Exit Beaufort.]*

SCENE VI.

Scene, The Widow's House.

Enter Betty and Lettice, thy two Chamber-maids, severally.

Betty. Oh, *Lettice*, we have laid for you.

Lett. What hast thou done to the French-man,

Girl? he lies yonder neither dead nor drunk;

No body knows what to make of him.

Betty. I sent for thee to help make sport with him;

He'll come to himself, never fear him:

Have you not observ'd how saucily he's look'd

Of late?

Lett. Yes; and he protests it is for love of you.

Betty. Our upon him, for a dissembling Rascal;

He's got the foul disease;

Our Coach-man discover'd it by a Bottle of Diet

Drink he brought and hid behind the hairs, into which

I infus'd a little Opium.

Lett. What dost intend to do with him?

Betty. You shall see.

Enter Coach-man with a Tub without a bottom, a stool at the top to be

lock'd, and a hole to put one's head out at, made easy to be turn'd on

one's shoulders.

Coach-m. Here's the Tub; where's the French-man?

Betty.

Betty. He lies behind the stairs; haste and bring him in,
That he may take quiet possession of this wooden Tenement;
For 'tis near his time of waking.

*The Coach-man and another Servant bring in Dufoy, and put him
into the Tub.*

Is the Fidler at hand that us'd to ply at the blind
Ale-house?

Coach-m. He's ready.

Enter a Fidler.

Betty. Well, let's hear now what a horrible noise you
Can make to wake this Gentleman.

Let. He wants a helping hand; his eye-lids
Are seal'd up; see how the wax sticks upon 'em.
Let me help you, Monsieur.

[Fidler plays a Tune.

Dufoy begins to wake.

Dufoy. Vat aré you? Jernie! vat is dis? am I
Jack in a boxé? begar, who did putté
Me here?

Betty. Good-morrow, Monsieur; will you be pleas'd
To take your Pills this morning?

Dufoy. Noé: but I vo'd have de diable take youé;
It vas youé dat did abusé me dus, vas
It noté? begar I vil killé a le de
Shamt or-maid in *Englandé*.

Let. Will you be pleas'd to drink, Monsieur?
There's a Bottle of your Diet-drink within.

Dufoy. Are youé de littel diable come to torment émé?
Morbieu! vas ever man afronté in dis naturé!

Betty. He-thinks he has serbon, mine Monfi u;
Now if you please to make your little Addressé,
And your amouré, you will not find me so coy.

Dufoy. Begar I vil no marié de cousin Germain
Of de diable.

Let. VVhat shou'd he do with a VVife? he has not
House-room for her.

Betty. VVhy do you not keep your head within
Doors, Monsieur?

Let. Now there's such a storm abroad.

Dufoy. VVhy did not youé keep your Maiden-headé
Vid in doore? begar, tellé me daté.

Coach-m. Have you any fine French Commodities to sell,
Gloves and Ribbands? y'ave got
A very convenient shop, Monsieur.

Dufoy. I do hope you vil have verié
Convenient halteré, begar.

Jerny,

Jonny, Can I not eat, dis cingé in de piéces?

Betty, You begin to sweat, Monsieur, the Tub is Proper for you.

Dufey, I have no more patience;
I vil breaké dis prison, or I vil breaké
My necké, and ye shall alé be hangé.

[Struggles to get out.

Leti, He begins to rave; bless the poor man.

Betty, Some Musique quickly, to
Compose his mind. [The Musique plays; and they Dance about him,
How prettily he snail carries his Tenement. [He walks with the Tub on his
On his back! I'm sorry I am but his Mistress:
If I had been your Wife, Monsieur, I had made
You a compleat snail; your horns
Shou'd have appear'd.

Dufey, I vil have de patiencé, dere is no oder remédé;
You be alé de Raskalé Whore; dediable
Take you alé; and I vil say no more, begar.

Betty, This is a very fine Vessel, and wou'd swim well;
Let's to the Horse-pond with him.

Leti, Come, come, he looks as sullenly as a Hare
In her Form; let's leave him.

Coach-m. Your Serviteur tres humble, Monsieur. [Exeunt all but Dufey.

Dufey, Bougre, I canno hangé my selfé; begar I canno
Drowné my selfé; I vil go hidé my selfé,
And starvé to dyé; I vil no be de laughé
For every Jackanapé Englishé, Morbleu.

SCEN. VII.

*Sir Frederick is brought in upon a Bier, with a mourning Closh over him,
attended by a Gentleman in a mourning Cloak: Four Fiddlers carry the
Corps, with their Instruments tuck'd under their Cloaks.*

Enter the Widow weeping.

Mourner, Madam, you must expect a bloody consequence
When men of such prodigious courage fight.
The young Lord Beaufort was the first that fell,
After his sword too deeply had engag'd
His Rival not to stay behind him long;
Sir Frederick, with your Nephew bravely fought;
Death long did keep his distance, as if he
Had fear'd excess of Valour; but when they
Ore-loaded with their wounds, began to faint,
He with his terrors did invade their breasts.

Fame

Fame soon brought many to the Tragick place,
 Where I found my dearest Friend, Sir Frederick;
 Almost as poor in breath as blood:
 He took me by the hand, and all the stock h'ad left
 He spent, Madam, in casting upon you:
 He first proclaim'd your Virtues, then his Love;
 And having charg'd me to convey his Corps hither,
 To wait on you, his latest breath exp'd with
 The Command.

Wid. The World's too poor to recompense this loss.
 Unhappy woman! why shou'd I survive
 The only man in whom my joys did live?
 My dreadful grief!

[The Fiddlers prepare.]

Enter Dufoy to his Tab. TOA

Dufoy. Oh my Matré, my Matré, who has kill my
 Matré? Morbleu, I vill—— [The Widow shrieks, and runs out: All the
 Fiddlers run out in a fright.]

Oh, de diable, de diable! [Sir Frederick starts up, which frights Dufoy.]

Sir Fred. What devilish accident is
 This? or has the Widow undermin'd me?

[Enter the Widow and her Maid laughing.]
 I shall be laugh'd to death now indeed,
 By Chamber-maids; why have you no
 Pity, Widow?

Wid. None at all for the living; Ha, ha, ha.
 You see w're provided for your Frolick, Sir; ha, ha.

Sir Fred. Laugh but one minute longer, I will forswear
 Thy company, kill thy Tabby Cat, and make thee weep
 For ever after.

Wid. Farewel, Sir; expect at night to see the old
 Man, with his paper Lantern and crack'd
 Spectacles, singing your woful Tragedy
 To Kirchin-maids and Coblers Prentices.

[Widow offers to go. Sir Frederick holds her by the arm.]
Sir Fred. Hark you, hark you, Widow:
 By all those Devils that have
 Hitherto possess'd thy Sex—

Wid. No swearing, good Sir Frederick.
Sir Fred. Set thy face then; let me not see the remains
 Of one poor smile: So now I will kiss thee,
 And be friends.

Not all thy wealth shall hire me to
 Come within smell of thy breath again.
 Jealousie, and, which will be worse for thee, Widow, Impotence

Light upon me, till I may one moment longer with thee. [Offering to go.]

Wid. Do you hear, Sir; can you be so angry with one That loves you so passionately she cannot survive You?

Sir Fred. Widow, May the desire of man keep thee Waking till thou art as mad as I am. [Exit Sir Frederick.]

Wid. How lucky was this accident! How he would have insulted O'er my weakness else!

Sir Frederick, since I've warning, you shall prove More subtil ways, before I own my Love. [Exit.]

ACT. V. SCENE I.

Scene, The Lord Bevil's House.

Enter Lewis, a Chirurgion; Servants, carrying Bruce in a Chair.

Chir. Courage, brave Sir; do not mistrust my Art.

Bruce. Tell me, didst thou e'er cure a wounded heart?

Thy skill, fond man, thou here employ'st in vain;
The ease thou giv'st it does but encrease my pain.

Lewis. Dear *Bruce*, my life does on your life depend;
Though you disdain to live, yet save your Friend.

Bruce. Do what you please; but are not those unkind
That ease the body, to afflict the mind?

Oh cruel Love! thou shoot'st it with such strange skin,
The wounds thou mak'st will neither heal nor kill:

Thy flaming Arrows kindle such a fire
As will not waste thy Victims, nor expire!

Enter Aurelia.

Lewis. Is the wound mortal? tell me,
Or may we cherish hopes of his Recovery?

Chir. The danger is not imminent: yet my Prognostick
Boads a sad event: For though there be no great

Vessel dissected, yet I have cause to fear
That the Parenchyma of the right lobe of the lungs,

Near some large branch of the *Aorta*,
Is perforated.

Lewis. Tell me in English, will he live or die?

Chir. Truly I despair of his recovery. [Exit Chirurgion.]

Aurel. aside. Forgive me, Ladies, if excess of Love
Me beyond rules of Modesty does move,

And:

And, against custom, makes me now reveal
Those flames my tortur'd breast did long conceal;
'Tis some excuse, that I my Love declare.
When there's no med'cine left to cure despair. *[Weeps by the Chair side.]*

Bruce. Oh Heav'n, can salt *Aurelia* weep for me!
This is some comfort to my misery.
Kind Maid, those eyes should only pity take
Of such as feel no wounds but what they make;
Who for another in your sight does mourn,
Deserves not your compassion, but your scorn.

Aurel. I come not here with tears to pity you;
I for your pity with this passion sue.

Bruce. My pity! tell me, what can be the grief,
That from the miserable hopes relief!

Aurel. Before you know this grief, you feel the pain.

Bruce. You cannot love, and not be lov'd again:
Where so much Beauty does with Love conspire,
No mortal can resist that double fire.

Aurel. When proud *Graciana* wounded your brave heart,

On poor *Aurelia*'s you reveng'd the smart;

Whilst you in vain did seek those wounds to cure,

With patience I their torture did endure.

Bruce. My happiness has been so long conceal'd,

That it becomes my misery reveal'd:

That which shou'd prove my joy, now proves my grief;

And that brings pain, which, known, had brought relief.

Aurelia, why wou'd you not let me know,

Whilst I had power to pay the debt I owe?

'Tis now too late; yet all I can I'll do;

I'll sigh away the breath I've left for you.

Aurel. You yet have pow'r to grant me all I crave;

'Tis not your Love I court, I court your Grave.

I with my flame seek not to warm your breast,

But beg my ashes in your Urn may rest:

For since *Graciana*'s loss you scorn'd to out-live,

I am resolv'd I'll not your death survive.

Bruce. Hold, you too generous are; yet I may live:

Heav'n for your sake may grant me a reprieve.

Aurel. Oh, no; Heav'n has decreed, alas, that we

Shou'd in our Fates, not in our Loves agree.

Bruce. Dear Friend, my rashness I too late repent; *[To Lovis.]*

I ne're thought death till now a punishment.

Enter Graciana.

Grac. Oh, do not talk of death! the very sound

Once more will give my heart a mortal wound :

Here on my knees I've sinn'd I must confess

Against your Love, and my own happiness ;

I, like the child, whose folly proves his loss,

Refus'd the gold, and did accept the dross.

Bruce. You have in *Beaufron* made to good a choice ;

His virtue's such ; he has his Rival's voice ;

Graciana, none but his great Soul cou'd prove

Worthy to be the centre of your Love.

Grac. You to another wou'd such virtue give ;

Brave Sir, as in your self does only live.

If to the most deserving I am due,

He must resign his weaker claim to you.

Bruce. This is but flattery ; for I'm sure you can

Think none so worthy as that generous man ;

By honour you are his ;

Grac. Yet, Sir, I know

How much I to your gen'rous passion owe ;

You bleed for me ; and if for me you die,

Your loss I'll mourn with you'd Virginity.

Bruce. Can you be mindful of so small a debt,

And that which you to *Beaufron* owe forget ?

That will not Honour but Injustice be ;

Honour with Justice always does agree.

This gen'rous pity which for me you show,

Is more than you to my misfortune owe :

These tears, *Graciana*, which for me you shed,

Out-prize the blood which I for you have shed :

But now I can no more

My Spirit faint within my wearied breast.

Louis. Sister, 'tis fit you give him leave to rest ;

Who waits ?

With care convey him to his bed.

Bruce. Hold —

Dearest *Aurelia*, I will strive to live ;

If you will but endeavour not to grieve.

Louis. Brave man ! The wonder of this Age thou'lt prove,

For matchless Gratitude, and gen'rous Love.

[*Exit all but Graciana.*]

Grac. How strangely is my soul perplex'd by fate !

The man I love I must pretend to hate ;

And with dissembled scorn his presence fly,

Whose absence is my greatest misery !

[*Enter*]

Enter Beaufort.

Beauf. Hear me, upon my knees I beg you'll hear,
She's gone.

[Exit Graciana.]

There was no need, false woman, to increase
My misery with hopes of happiness.

This scorn at first had to my Love and me

But Justice been; now it is Cruelty.

Was there no way his constancy to prove;

But by your own inconstancy in Love?

To try another's Virtue could you be,

Graciana, to your own an Enemy?

Sure 'tis but passion which she thus does vent;

Blown up with anger and with discontent;

Because my Honour disobey'd her Will,

And Bruce for love of her his blood did spill.

I once more in her eyes will read my fate;

I need no wound to kill me, if she hate.

SCENE II.

*Enter Cully drunk, with a blind Fellow led before him playing on a
Cymbal, follow'd by a number of boys hollowing, and
persecuting him.*

Cul. Villains, sons of unknown Fathers, tempt
Me no more.

[The boys hoot at him; he draws his Sword.]

I will make a young generation of Cripples, to

Succeed in Lincoln-Inn-fields and Coven-Garden:

The barbarous breeding of these London-boys!

[Frights the boys away.]

Boy that leads the Cymbal. Whither do you intend to go, Sir?

Cul. To see the wealthy Widow,

Mrs. Rich.

Boy. Where does she dwell, Sir?

Cul. Hereabouts; enquire; I will Serenade

Her at noon-day.

*[Exit.]**Enter the Widow, and her maid Betty.*

Wid. Where is this poor Frenchman, Girl? 'h's done me

Good service:

Betty. The Butler has got him down into the Cellar, Madam;

Made him drunk, and laid him to sleep among

His empty Cask.

Wid. Pray, when he wakes let him be releas'd of his

Imprisonment; *Betty,* you use your Servant too severely.

[The Cymbal plays without.]

Hark,

Black, what ridiculous noise is that? it sets my teeth
An edge worse than the scraping of Trenchers.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, a rude drunken fellow, with a Gimbal before
Him, and his sword in his hand, is press'd into your House.

Enter Cully and Cimbal: The warden shrick,

Cul. Sirrah, play me a bawdy Tune, to please the
Widow: have at thee, Widow.

Betty. 'Tis one of Oliver's Knights, Madam,
Sir Nicholas Cully; his Mother was my Grand-mother's
Dairy-maid.

Enter Servants; they lay hands on him, and take away his Sword.

Cul. Let me go; I am not so drunk but I can stand
Without your help, Gentlemen.

Widow, here is Musick; send for a Parson;
And we will dance Barneby within this
Half hour.

Wid. I will send for a Constable, Sir.

Cul. Hast a mind to see me beat him? how those Rogues
Dread me! Did not *W*headle tell thee upon what
Conditions I wou'd condescend to make thee my
Bed-fellow, Widow, speak?

Wid. This is some drunken mistake; away with him,
Thrust him out of door.

Enter a Servant: Clashing of Swords and noise without.

Serv. Help, help, for Sir Frederick.

Wid. What's the matter?

Serv. He is fighting, Madam, with a Company of Bayliffs,
That wou'd arrest him at the door.

Wid. Hast every one, and rescue him quickly, *[Exit albus Cully.]*

Cul. Widow, come back, I say, Widow;
I will not stir one foot after thee:
Come back, I say, V Widow. *[Falls down and sleeps.]*

Enter Dufey.

Dufey. Vat de diablé be de matrè? here is de ver
Strange varké in dis house; de Vemenday do
Cry, ha, ha, ha; de men day, da run, day do
Take de Batton, de dung-vorké, and de vire-vorké:
Vat is here, van killé? *[Looking on Cully.]*

Enter Betty.

Betty. You are a trusty Servant, indeed: here you are lock'd
Up, while your poor Master is arrested, and dragg'd
Away by unmerciful Bailiff.

Dufey. My Man é? J'enic! Metres Bet, letté me go;

Begar

Begar I vil kill a'll de bogre de
Baillé, and recover my Matcé. Bogre de Baillé.

Betty. So, make all the haste you can. [*She helps him out of the Tub.*]

Dufey. Morbleu! bogre de Baillé!

I vil go prepare to kill a rousand Baillé

Begar: Bogre de Baillé.

[*Exit.*]

Enter the Widow and Servant severally.

Wid. Well, what news?

Serv. Madam, they have arrested him upon an
Execution for Two hundred pounds, and carried him
Him to a Bayliff's house hard by.

Wid. If that be all, Betty, take my key, and give him
The money in Gold; do you content the Bayliffs,
But let Sir Frederick know nothing of it;
And then let them bring him to my house
As their Prisoner; dispatch.

[*Exeunt Betty and Servant.*]

Enter a Foot-boy.

Foot-b. Pray, Madam, is there not a stray Gentleman
Here, missed by drink?

Wid. There lies the beast you look for;
You had best remove him quickly,
Or I shall cause him to be put into the Pound.

[*Exit Widow.*]

Foot-b. If I do not get this fool clear off before he
Comes to himself, our Plot is quite spoil'd:
This Summer-Livery may chance to hover over
My shivering limbs next Winter.
Yonder sits honest Palmer, my poor Master,
In a Coach, quaking for fear: all that
See him in that reverend disguise,
Will swear he has got the Palsie.
Ho Sir Nicholas.

[*Pulls him.*]

Cull. I will drink three Beer-glasses to the Widows health
Before I go.

Foot-b. The Widow stays for you, to wait upon her
To the Exchange.

Cul. Let her go into her Bed-Chamber and meditate;
I am not drunk enough to be seen in her company.

Foot-b. I must carry him away upon my back: but
Since things may go ill, 'tis good to make sure
Of something: I'll examine his pockets first:
So, for this I thank my own ingenuity; in this
Way of plain dealing I can live without the
Help of my Master.

[*Enter a Servant.*]

Pray, Sir, will you help me up with my burden?

Serv.

Serv. I am sure your Master has his load already. [They lift him up:

Cul. Carry me to my Widow, Boy: Where is my
Musique?

*Enter Sir Frederick with the Boyliff, who are Fiddlers disguis'd, with
their Fiddles under their Coats, at one door, and the Widow
at another.*

Boy. There is no hopes now;
Ple shift for my self.

[Exit Boy.

Sir Fred. Widow, these are old acquaintance of mine,
Bid them welcome: I was coming
To wait upon you before; but meeting
Them by the way, they press'd me to drink——

[Cully rails against Sir Frederick.

Cul. *Sir Frederick!* Widow, bid him welcome; he is
A very good friend of mine, and as mad a fellow as my self.
Kiss, kiss the Widow, man; she has a plump
Under-lip, and kisses smartly.

Sir Fred. What's here? *Cully* drunk, transform'd into a Gallant,
And acquainted with the spring and proportion of the
Widow's lips!

Cul. I, I am drunk, Sir; am I not Widow? I scorn to be
Soberer than your self, I will drink with you, swear
With you, break windows with you, and
So forth.

Sir Fred. Widow, is this your Champion?

Wid. You have no exceptions against him, I hope;
He has challeng'd you at your own weapons.

Cul. Widow, *Sir Frederick* shall be one of our Bride-men;
I will have none but such mad fellows at our Wedding;
But before I marry thee I will consider upon it. [He sits down and flaps.

Sir Fred. Pray, Widow, how long have you been acquainted
With this Mirror of Knighthood?

Wid. Long enough you hear, Sir, to treat of Marriage.

Sir Fred. What? You intend me for a reserve then?
You will have two strings to your bow, Widow;
I perceive your cunning; and faith I think I shall
Do you the heartier service, if thou employ'st me by the by.

Wid. You are an excellent Gallant indeed; shake off
These lowlie Companions; come carry your Mistress
To the Park, and treat her at the Mulberry-garden
This glorious Evening.

Sir Fred. Widow, I am a man of business, that ceremony's
To be perform'd by idle fellows.

Wid. What wou'd you give to such a friend as shou'd dispatch

This

This business now, and make you one of those idle Fellows.

Sir Fred. Faith, pick and chuse, I marry all my words about Me; do it, and I am all at thy service, Widow.

Wid. Well, I have done it, Sir; you are at liberty, And a leg now will satisfy me.

Sir Fred. Good faith, thou art too reasonable, dear Widow, Modesty will wrong thee.

Wid. Are you satisfied?

Fidd. Yes, Madam.

Enter Dufoy, with a Helmet on his head, and a great Sword in his hand.

Dufoy. Vare are de bougre de Baylié?

Tetibleu, bougre Rogue. *[He falls upon the Fiddlers.]*

Fidd. Help, help, Sir Frederick, murder, murder! alas, Sir, we Are not Bayliffs: you may see we are men of an honest Vocation. *[They show their Instruments.]*

Sir Fred. Hold, hold, thou mighty man at Arms.

Dufoy. Morbleu, de Fiddler, and is my Matré at liberty? play Me de Tricharté, or de Jeeg Englishé, quicklie, Or I will make you all dance Vidout your Fiddle; quiké.

Wid. I am over-reach'd, I perceive. *[Dufoy dances a Rig.]*

Sir Fred. Kind Widow, thank thee for this re-ale. *[Shakes his pockets.]* Laugh, Widow; ha, ha, ha: where is your counterplot, Widow?

Ha, ha, ha. Laugh at her, Dufoy. Come, Be not so melancholy; we'll to the Park:

I care not if I spend a piece or two upon thee in Tarts and Cheescakes. Pish, Widow, why so much out of humour?

'Tis no shame to love such a likely

Young Fellow.

Wid. I cou'd almost find in my heart to punish my self, To afflict thee, and marry that drunken Sout I never Saw before.

Sir Fred. How came he by thee?

Wid. Enquire elsewhere: I will not answer thee one Question; nor let thee see ragout of a Mask any more This fortnight.

Sir Fred. Go, go into thy Closet; look over thy old Receipts, And talk wantonly now and then with thy Chambermaid;

I shall not trouble thee much till this is spent; And by that time thy foolish Vow will be near over. *[Shakes his pockets.]*

Wid. I want patience to endure this insolence.

Is my charity rewarded thus?

Sir Fred. Pious Widow, call you this Charity? 'twill get
Thee little hereafter; thou must answer for ev'ry sin
It occasions. Here is Wine and Women
In abundance.

[Shakes his Pocket].

Wid. Avoid my house, and never more come near me.

Sir Fred. But hark you, hark you, Widow, do you think
This can last always?

Wid. Ungrateful man!

[Exit Widow].

Sir Fred. She's gone; impatience for these two hours
Possess her, and then I shall be pretty well
Revenge'd.

Dufoy. Begar, Matré, have you not de ver faithful
Serviteur? you do never take notice of my merit.

Sir Fred. **Dufoy**, thou art a man of courage, and hast done
Bravely; I will cast off this Suit a week sooner than
I intended, to reward thy service.

Dufoy. Begar I have several time given you ver
Dangerous testimonie of my affection.

Enter a Servant, and takes up Cully in his arms.

Sir Fred. Whither do you carry him?

Serv. Sir, there is an old Gentleman below in a Coach,
Very like my Lord Bevil,
Who, hearing what a condition **Sir Nicklas** was in,
Desired me to bring him to him in my arms.

Cul. Let me go, where is the Widow?

Sir Fred. What Widow?

Cul. Mistress Rich; she is to be
My wife.

Sir Fred. But do you hear, **Sir Nicklas**? how long have you
Court'd this Widow!

Cul. Mr. **Wheaddle** can tell you: trouble me not with idle
Questions. **Sir Frederick**,

You shall be welcome at any time; she loves men
That will roar, and drink, and Serenade her.

Sir Fred. This is some strange mistake; sure **Wheaddle** intending
To chouse him, has shew'd him some counterfeit Widow;
And he being drunk, has been misguided to the true
Widows house. The fellow in the Coach may
Discover all; I will step and see who it is:
Hold him here, **Dufoy**, till I return: Gentlemen,
Come you with me.

[Exit Sir Frederick and Fiddlers].

Cul. Where is my Mistress?

Dufoy. Vat Metres?

Cul.

Cal. The Widow.

Dufoy. She be de Metres of my Marré.

Cal. You lye, Sirrah. I do know a handkerchief.

Dufoy. Begar you be de Jackanape to tell Me I do lyea.

Cal. You are a French Rascal, and I will blow Your nose without a handkerchief. *[He pulls Dufoy by the nose.]*

Dufoy. Helpé, helpé me; Morbleu, I vil beat you vid my fisté. And my footé, tellé you aské me de pardon; take Dat and daté; aské me de pardon.

[Cully falls down, and Dufoy beats him.]

Cal. I ask you pardon, Sirrah?

Dufoy. Sirrah? Tettibleu.

[Offers to strike.]

Enter Sir Frederick and Fiddlers, leading in Palmer trembling.

Sir Fred. Hold, hold, Dufoy.

Dufoy. Begar he do merite to be beate; he swaré he vil Marré youré Metres.

Palm. I beseech you, Sir Frederick,

Cal. My Lord Bevil!

Sir Fred. So; he takes him for my Lord Bevil; Now the Plot will out.

'Tis fit this Rascal shou'd be cheated; But these Rogues will deal too

Unmercifully with him: I'll rake compassion upon Him, and use him more favourably my self.

Cal. My Lord, where is the mad wench your Sister?

[Sir Frederick pulls off Palmer's disguise.]

Sir Fred. Look you, Sir Nich'las; where is my Lord Bevil Now?

Cal. My merry Country-man, Mr. Palmer! I thought you had Been in Buckingham-shire.

[Sings:]

And he took her by the Apron,

To bring her to his back.

Never a Catch now, my merry Country-man? **Sir Frederick.** I owe this Gentleman a thousand Pounds.

Sir Fred. How so?

Cal. He won it of me at Dice; *Whendle went my balls;* And we have given him a Judgment for it.

Sir Fred. This was the rognery you had been about the other Night, when I met you in disguise, *Palmer,* that was on my mind.

You'll never leave your cheating and your robbing. **How many Robberies do I know**

Of your committing?

Palm. The truth is, Sir, you know enough to hang me;
But you are a worthy Gentleman, and a lover of Integrity.

Sir Fred. This will not pass! Produce the Judgment.

Palm. Alas, Sir, Mr. *Whoodle* has it.

Sir Fred. Produce it, or—Fetch the Constable, Boy.

Palm. Sir *Frederick*, be merciful to a sorrowful Rascal.

Here is a Copy of the Judgment, as it is entered.

Sir Fred. VVell, who is this counterfeit Widow? confest.

Palm. Truly, 'twas *Whoodle's* contrivance; a Pox on him:

Never no good comes on't when men are so unconscionable

in their Dealings.

Cul. What, am I cheated, Sir *Frederick*? Sirrah, I will have

You hang'd.

Sir Fred. Speak, who is this VVidow?

Palm. 'Tis *Grace*, Sir, *Whoodle's* Mistress, whom he has plac'd

In my Lady *Dumbwell's* house: I am but a poor Instrument,

Abus'd by that Rascal.

Sir Fred. You see, Sir *Nicholas*, what Villain these are; they have

Cheated you of a thousand pounds, and would have married

You to a VVench, had I not discovered their Villany.

Cul. I am beholding to you, Sir *Frederick*; they are Rogues,

VVillainous Rogues: But where is the VVidow?

Sir Fred. VVhy, you saw the true VVidow here a little while

Ago.

Cul. The truth is, we thought she was something

Comlier than my Mistress: But will not this VVidow

Marry me?

Sir Fred. She is my Mistress.

Cul. I will have none of her then.

Sir Fred. VVell, I have discovered this cheat, kept you from

Marrying a wench, and will save you the thousand pounds too.

Now, if you have a mind to marry, what think you of my

Sister? She is a plain brown Girl, and has a good

Portion; but not our twenty thousand pounds: This offer

Proves I have a perfect kindness for you.

Cul. I have heard she is a very fine Gentlewoman;

I will marry her forthwith, and be your Brother-in-Law.

Sir Fred. Come then, I'll carry you

VVhere you may see her, and ask her consent.

Palmer, you must go along with us,

And by the way assign this Judgment to me.

Do you guard him, Gentlemen.

To the Widow.

Sir

Sir Fred. Come, Sir Nieb'lar.

Cal. How came I hither?

Sir Fred. You will be satisfied in that hereafter.

Palm. What cursed accident was this? what

Mischievous Stars have the managing

Of my Fortune? Here's a turn with all my heart.

Like an after-game at Irish!

Dusoy. Alon marché, Shentelmen there;

Marché: You make de mouthé of

De honest Shentelmen; begar you vil make de

Wry mouthé ven you be hangt.

SCEN. III.

Scene, a Garden.

Enter Graciana and Leticia *separately*; Leticia with a Nefegoy *in her Hand.*

Grac. Leticia, what hast thou been doing here?

Let. Cropping the beauty of the youthful year.

Grac. How innocently dost thou spend thy hours.

Selecting from the crowd the choicest Flowers!

Where is thy Mistress?

Let. Madam, she's with the wounded Colonel.

Grac. Come then into this Arbour, Girl, and there

VVith thy sweet voice refresh my wearied soul. *[They walk into an Arbour.]*

SONG.

Ladies, though in your *Conjuring eyes* *[Let. sings.]*
Love owes his *charms* *[Let. sings.]*
And borrows those bright *Arms* from you
With which he does the world *subdue*.
Yet you your selves are not *above*
The Empire nor the *Graces* of Love.

Then wrack not Lovers with *their*
Let Love on you *revenge* *[Let. sings.]*
You are not free because *you* *[Let. sings.]*
The Boy did not his *Altogether* spare.
Beauty's but an offensive *dart*;
It is no *Armour* for the *heart*.

Grac.

Grac. Dear Girl, thou art my little Confident;
I oft to thee have breath'd my discontent;
And thy sweet voice as oft has eas'd my care;
But now thy breath is like infectious Air.

Enter Beaufort.

It feeds the secret cause of my disease,
And does enrage what it did use to appease.

Beauf. Starting, Hark, that was *Graciana's* voice.

Grac. Oh *Beaufort*!

Beauf. She calls on me, and does advance this way:
I will conceal my self within this Bower: she may
The secret causes of my grief betray.

SCENE 2

Beaufort goes into an Arbour, and Graciana and Leticia come upon the Stage.

Grac. Too rigidly my Honour I pursue;
Sure something from me to my Love is due:
Within these private shades for him I'll mourn,
Whom I in publick am oblig'd to scorn.

Let. Why shoul'd you, Madam, thus indulge your grief?
Love never yet in Sorrow found relief:
These Sighs, like Northern winds to th' early Spring,
Destruction to your blooming Beauty bring.

Grac. Leticia, peace; my Beauty I despise:
Would you have me preserve these fatal eyes?

Let. Had you less beauteous been, you'd known less care:
Ladies are happiest moderately fair.

But now shoul'd you your Beauty waste, which way
Could you the debt it has contracted pay?

Grac. *Beaufort*, didst thou but know I weep for thee
Thou wouldest not blame my scorn, but pity me.

Let. When Honour first made you your Love decline,
You from the Centre drew a crooked line:
You were to *Beaufort* too severe, I fear,
Left to your Love you partial might appear.

Grac. I did what I in honour ought to do:
I yet to *Beaufort* and my love am true;

And if his Rival live, I'll be his Bride,
Joy shall unite whom Grief does now divide.

But if for love of me brave *Bruce* does die,
I am contracted to his Memory.

Oh, *Beaufort*!

Beauf. Oh, *Graciana*! here am I
(By what I've heard) fix'd in an extasie.

A

Grac.

(63)

Grace. We are surpris'd ; unlucky accident !
Fresh Sorrow's added to my discontent.

[*Exeunt Graciana and Leticia feisurly,*

Beaufort enters.

Beauf. *Graciana*, stay, you can no more contend,
Since Fortune joyns with Love to be my Friend ;
There is no fear of *Bruce* his death ; the wound
By abler Chyr'giom is not mortal found.
She will not stay.
My Joy's, like waters swell'd into a flood,
Bear down what'e're their usual streams withstood.

[*Exit Beaufort.*

SCENE IV.

Scene, My Lady *Danbowl's* House.

Enter Wheadle and Grace.

Whead. I wonder we have yet no tidings of our Knight,
Nor Palmer,—
Fortune still crosses the industrious, Girl
When we recover him you must begin
To lie at a little opener ward ;
'Tis dangerous keeping the Fool too long at bay,
Lest some old Wood-man drop in by chance,
And discover thou art but a rascall Deer.
I have counterfeited half a dozen Mortgages,
A dozen Bonds, and two Scriveners to vouch all ;
That will satisfy him in thy Estate ;
He has sent into the Country for his
Writings :—
But see, here he comes.

Enter Sir Nicholas.

Sir Nicholas, I must chide you, indeed : I must ;
You neglect your duty here : Nay, Madam, never
Blush ; faith I'll reveal all. Y'are the happiest,
The luckiest man—

Enter Sir Frederick.

W'are betray'd ; death, what makes him here ?
Sir Frederick, your humble Servant ; y'are come
In the luckiest time for mirth ; will you but lend
Me your ear ? do not you see *Sir Nicholas* and *Grace* ?
Yonder ? look, look.

Sir Fred. Yes.

Whead. I am perswading him to keep her ; she's a pretty

Deserving

Deserving Girl; faith let us draw off a whistle; And laugh among our selves, for fear of spoiling The poor Wench's market; let us, let us.

Sir Fred. With all my heart.

Bayliffs meet Wheadle at the door, and arrest him.

Bayliffs. We arrest you, Sir.

Whead. Arrest me? Sir Frederick, Sir Nicholas,

Sir Fred. We are not provided for a Rescue at present, Sir.

Whead. At whose Suit?

Bayliffs. At Sir Frederick Frolick's.

Whead. Sir Frederick Frolick? I owe him never a farthing.

Sir Fred. You are mistaken, Sir; you owe me a thousand pounds:

Look you, do you know Mr. Palmer's hand?

He has assign'd such a small debt over to me.

Enter Palmer and Jerry.

Whead. How was I bewitch'd to trust such a villain!

Oh Rogue, Dog, Coward, Palmer!

Palm. Oh thou unconscionable Wheadle; a thousand pounds

Was too small a bubble!

Sir Fred. Away with him, away with him.

Whead. Nay, Sir Frederick, 'tis punishment enough to fall From my expectation:

Do not ruine a young man.

Grace. I beseech you, Sir.

Sir Fred. Thou hast mov'd me, Grace; I goe about to leave thee.

Do not tremble, Chuck; I love thy profession too well To harm thee.

Look you, Sir, what think you of a rich Widow? [Pressing him the Wbole.

Was there no Lady to abuse, Wheadle, but my Mistress?

No man to bubble but your Friend and Patron, Sir Nicholas?

But let this pass; Sir Nicholas is satisfied; take Grace

Here, marry her, we are all satisf'd:

She's a pretty deserving Girl, and a Fortune now

In earnest; I'll give her a thousand pounds.

Whead. Pray, Sir, do but consider—

Sir Fred. No consideration; dispatch, or To Limbo.

Whead. Was there ever such a Dilemma? I shall rot in Prison.

Come hither, Grace; I did but make bold, like a young Heir,

With his Estate, before it come into his hands:

Little did I think, Grace, that this Pasty,

When we first cut it up, should have been preserv'd

For my Wedding-Feast.

Sir Nich. You are the happiest, the luckiest man, Mr. Wheadle.

Palm.

Palmer. Much joy, *Mr. Wheadle*, with your rich Widow.

Whead. Sir *Frederick*, shall that Rogue *Palmer* laugh

At me?

Sir *Fred.* No, no, *Jenny*, come hither; I'll make thee amends,

As well as thy Mistress, for the injury I did thee

Th' other night:

Here is a Husband for thee too:

Mr. Palmer. where are you?

Palmer. Alas Sir *Frederick*, I am not able to
Maintain her.

Sir *Fred.* She shall maintain you, Sir.

Do not you understand the mystery of *Siiponiz*,

Jenny?

Maid. I know how to make *Democruans*, Sir.

Sir *Fred.* Thou art richly endow'd, i' faith: Here, here, *Palmer*;

No shall I, shall I: This or that, which

You deserve better.

Palmer. This is but a short Reprieve; the Gallows will
Be my destiny.

Sir *Fred.* Sir *Nicholas*, now we must haste to a better
Solemnity; my Sister expects us.

Gentlemen, meet us at the *Rose*; I'll bestow a Wedding

Dinner upon you, and there release your Judgment,

Mr. Wheadle.

Bayliffs, wait upon them thither:

Sir *Nich.* I wish you much joy with your fair Brides,

Gentlemen.

Whead. A pox on your Assignment, *Palmer*.

Palmer. A pox on your rich Widow, *Wheadle*: Come, Spouse,
Come, [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

Scene, The Lord Bevil's House.

Enter Lord Bevil, Bruce led in, Lovis, Beaumont, Graciana
and Aurelia.

Bruce. Graciana, I have lost my claim to you,

And now my Heart's become Aurelia's due;

She all this while within her tender breast

The flame of Love has carefully suppress'd,

Courting for me, and striving to destroy

Her own Contentment to advance my Joy.

Aurel. I did no more than Honour press'd me to;

I wish I'd won'd successfully for you.

Bruce. You so excel 'in Honour and in Love,
You both my shame and admiration move.

Aucelia. here, accept that life from me,
Which Heav'n so kindly has preserv'd for thee.
My Lord, I hope you will my choice allow,
And with your approbation seal our Vow.

[To L. Bevil.]

Bevil. In gen'rous minds this to the world will prove
That Gratitude has pow'r to conquer Love.
It were, brave Man, impiety in me
Not to approve that which the Heavens decree.

Bruce. *Graciana*, on my gen'rous Rival you
Must now bestow what to his Merit's due.

Grac. Since you recovering, *Bruce*, your claim decline,
To him with honour I my Heart resign.

Beauf. Such Honour and such Love as you have shown
Are not in the Records of Virtue known.
My Lord, you must assist us here once more;
The god of Love does your consent implore.

[To L. Bevil.]

L. Bevil. May Love in you still feed your mutual fire. [Joining their hands.]

Beauf. And may that flame but with our breaths expire.

Louis. My Lord, our quarrel now is at an end;
You are not *Bruce's* Rival, but his Friend.

Beauf. In this brave strife your Friendship soar'd above
The active flames of our aspiring Love.

Bruce. Dear friend, thy merits Fame cannot express.

Louis. They are rewarded in your happiness.

Bruce. Come all into my Arms before I rest;
Let's breathe our Joys into each others breast:
Thus mariners rejoyce when winds decrease,
And falling Waves seem wearied into Peace.

Enter Sir Frederick and Dufey at one door, and the Widow and

Betty at another.

Sir Fred. Haste, *Dufey*, perform what I commanded.

You.

Dufey. I will be ver quick begar; I am more den half de
Maccarie.

Sir Fred. Ho, Widow! the noise of these Nuptials brought
You hither; I perceive your mouth waters.

Wid. Were I in a longing condition I should be apt
Enough to put my self upon you, Sir.

Sir Fred. Nay, I know th'art spiteful, and wou'dst
Fain marry me in revenge; but so long as I have
These Guardian Angels about me, I desie thee...

And

And all thy Charms: Do skilful Faulkners thus
Reward their Hawks before they fly the Quarry?

Wid. When your gorge is empty you'll come to the
Lure again.

Sir Fred. After I have had a little more experience of the
Vanity of this world, in a melancholy humour
I may be careless of my self.

Wid. And marry some distressed Lady, that has had
No less experience of that vanity.

Sir Fred. Widow, I profess the contrary, I wou'd not have the
Sin to answer for of debauching any from such
Worthy principles: Let me see; if I shou'd be good
Natur'd now, and consent to give thee a Title
To thy own wealth again, you wou'd be stubborn,
And not esteem the favour, Widow.

Wid. Is it possible you can have thoughts of gratitude?
Do you imagine me so foolish as your self, who
Often venture all at play, to recover one inconsiderable
Parcel?

Sir Fred. I told you how 'twou'd be, Widow: Less providence
Attend thee, else I shall do no good upon thee:
Fare-well.

Wid. Stay, Sir; let us shake hands at parting.

Sir Fred. Nay, if thou once art acquainted with my
Constitution, thou'lt never let me go; Widow, here,
Examine, examine.

[Holding out his hand.

Bevil. Sister, I long have known your inclinations;
Give me leave to serve you. *Sir Frederick*, here,
Take her; and may you make each other happy.

Wid. Now I have receiv'd you into my Family,
I hope you will let my maids go quietly about
Their business, Sir.

Sir Fred. Upon condition there be no twits of the good man
Departed; no prescription pleaded for evil customs
On the Wedding night.

Widow, what old doings will be anon!

I have coupled no less than a pair-royal my self.
This day, my Lord, I hope you'll excuse the liberty
I have taken to send for them; the light will much
Encrease your mirth this joyful day.

L. Bev. I shou'd have blam'd you, Sir, if you had restrain'd
Your humour here.

These must needs be pleasant Matches that are of his
Making.

Enter Dufoy.

Sir Fred What, are they come?

Dufoy. Day be all at de doore, begar; every man vid his
Pret Metres, Brid, Whore.

Entré, Jentelmen, vid your Lady, entré vid your great
Fortune: Ha, ha, ha.

Enter *Sir Nicholas and his Bride, Wheadle and his Bride, Palmer
and his Bride.*

Sir Nich. Brother, do you see how sneakingly *Wheadle* looks
Yonder, with his rich Widow?

Wid. Brother! is this fellow your Brother?

Sir Nich. Ay, that I am.

Sir Fred. No, no, *Sir Nicholas*.

Sir Nich. Did not I marry your Sister, Sir?

Sir Fred. Fic, fic, *Sir Nich'las*; I thought y'ad been
A modest man.

Sir Nich. Is my wife no kin to you, Sir?

Sir Fred. Not your Wife; but your Son and Heir may,
If it prove so. *Joy be with thee, old acquaintance.

Widow, resolving to lead a virtuous life,

And keep house altogether with thee,

I have dispos'd of my own household-stuff, my

Dear Mrs. *Lucy*, to this Gentleman.

Whead. and Palm. We wish you joy with your fair Bride,
Sir Nich'las.

Sir Nich. I will go and complain, and have you all clapp'd
Up for a plot immediately.

Sir Fred. Hold, hold, *Sir Nich'las*; there are certain
Catch-poles without: you cannot scape,

Without y'ave a thousand pounds in your

Pocket: Carry her into the Country, come;

Your Neighbours Wives will visit her, and vow

She's a virtuous well-bred Lady:

And, give her her due, faith she was a very

Honest wench to me, and I believe will make a very

Honest wife to you.

Sir Nich. If I discover this I am lost; I shall be ridiculous
Even to our own Party.

Sir Fred. You are in the right: Come,
Take her, make much of her,

She shall save you a thousand pounds.

Sir Nich. Well, *Lucy*, if thou canst but deceive my
Old mother, and my neighbours in the Country,

I shall bear my fortune patiently.

Sir Fred. He warrant you, Sir, VWomen so skill'd in Vice can
Dissemble Virtue.

Dufoy. Fy, fy, maké de much of your Lady, Shentelmen;
Begar you vil find dem ver civil.

Sir Fred. *Dufoy*, I had almost forgot thee.

Dufoy. Begar my therit is ver seldom in your
Memorité.

Sir Fred. Now I will reward thy services; here, enjoy thy
Mistress.

Dufoy. Ver vel, begar; you vil give me two tree oldé
Gowné vor all my diligence.

Etty. Marry come up! Is that a despicable portion
For your greasie Pantaloon?

Dufoy. Peace, peace, Metres *Be*; ve vil be ver good
Friend upon occasion; but ve vil no-marié:
Dat be ver much better, begar.

Sir Fred. Did you bring the Bailiffs with you?

Dufoy. Day be vidout: Begar, Shentelmen, you have bin
Made ver sad; and now you shall be made ver mer
Vid de Fidler.

Whead. Ha! cozen'd with Fidlers for Bailiffs!
I durst have sworn false Dice might as soon have pass'd
Upon me.

Sir Fred. Bid them strike up; we will have a Dance,
VVidow, to divert these melancholy Gentlemen.

L. Bev. *Sir Frederick*, you shall command my House this day;

[*They Dance.*

[*After the Dance.*

Make all those welcome that are pleas'd to stay.

Sir Fred. *Sir Nicholas*, and Mr. *Wheadle*, I release you both
Of your Judgment, and will give it you under
My hand at any time.

VVidow, for all these bloody preparations, there

VVill be no great massacre of maiden-heads

Among us here.

Anon I will make you all laugh with the occasion
Of these Weddings.

On what small accidents depends our Fate,

Whilst Chance, not Prudence, makes us fortunate!

EPILOGUE.

Spoke by the Widow.

SIr Frederick, now I am reveng'd on you,
For all your Frolick Wit, y' are conzen'd too:
I have made over all my Wealth to these
Honest Gentlemen; they are my Trustees.
Yet, Gentlemen, if you are pleas'd you may
Supply his wants, and not your Trust betray.

Spoke by Wheadle.

Poor Wheadle hopes t'as giv'n you all content;
Here he protests 'tis that he only meant:
If y' are displeas'd w' are all cross-bit to day,
And he has wheadl'd us that writ the Play.

THE

THE
EPILOGUE.

*L*ike Pris'ners conscions of th' offended Law,
When Juries after th' Evidence withdraw;
So waits our Author between hope and fear,
Until he does your doubtful Verdict hear.
Men are more civil than in former days;
Few now in Publique his or rail at Plays;
He bid me therefore mind your looks with care,
And told me I should read your Sentence there;
But I, unskill'd in Faces, cannot guess
By this first view what is the Plays success;
Nor shall I ease the Author of his fear,
Till twice or thrice, at least, I've seen you here.

FINIS.
